NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND HENRY F. HARRINGTON,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

[illegible]—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
[illegible]—R. H. Williams, Water-street.
[illegible] Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
[illegible], (Vt.)—George Walton.
[illegible]—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE THUNDER STORM.

The summer's day had spent its raging heat,
Upon the sun-scorched hill and sultry plain;
The sun, whose fervent beams at noontide beat
With glowing flame upon the ripening grain,
Had hid his face beneath the western main;
The shades of night had [illegible] on the hill,
The stars had lit their lamps in Heaven again,
The mist rose curling from the little rill,
And not a sound was heard, save the lone whippoor-will.

II.

The wearied herds had calmly sunk to rest
Upon their beds of soft and dewy grass;
Each warbling bird had sought its little nest,
The night in quiet, calm repose to pass;
And from the western sky the tints of brass
Left by the sun, had faded from the view;
When lo! a cloud, whose blackness might surpass
The Eagle's plume, or the dark Raven's hue,
Its sable curtain fast across the welkin threw.

III.

Upon its van, in wild disorder borne
Appeared the broken billows of the storm,
By the rude gale to scattered fragments torn
In many a shapeless cloud of changeful form:
And now in distance far to sound the alarm
The heavy thunder in low rumbling breaks
Night's solemn stillness, and the settled calm
Of Nature pauses, sleeping echo wakes,
And at the hollow sound the quivering aspen shakes.

IV.

Now gleams the sheeted lightning o'er the plain
And darts its livid shafts from cloud to cloud;
Upon the roof is heard the rattling rain,
The deep-mouthed thunder bellows hoarse and loud,
And sudden now the mountain ash is bowed
By the increasing fury of the blast;
And the tall pine, that reared its head full proud
Is in an instant from its station cast,
And scattered on the ground appears a ruin vast.

V.

And now, as if the winds of Heaven were met
From Earth's four quarters, striving o'er our heads,
In wild and fearful conflict fiercely set,
The scathed storm in all its horror spreads:
And now the timid tremble in their beds
As Heaven's dread vault incessant flames around:
And Horror's dreadful form majestic treads
In each red flash along the rocking ground; [found.
And death in awful pomp stalks through the dark pro-

VI.

The thunder now in awful accent speaks,
And the dark welkin rings from pole to pole,
The voice of Heaven all Nature's quiet breaks,
And shakes the steadfast pillars of the soul,
While to the guilty past offences roll
Across the mem'ry like a flood of fire;
The stifled conscience overleaps control,
And stings the heart with keen, unearthly ire;
But see, the storm abates, the raging winds retire.

VII.

And now the clouds in loose disorder sail,
Sullen and fast along the arch above;
And distant gleams of lightning, faint and pale
Flash on the dripping foliage of the grove
Where late the angry tempest fiercely strove:
And, hark, from yonder precipice afar,
Where the thick shade, with brambles interwove
Shuts from the stream beneath, each twinkling star,
How deep and hollow comes the cataract's sullen jar!

VIII.

The storm—the night is past, and now behold
From yonder mountain top the ruddy morn
Comes joyous on, and casts a robe of gold
O'er yonder streamlet, and the stately thorn
That waves beside it; while the nodding corn
Bows joyfully, to greet the new-born day;
Again the grazing flocks the hills adorn,
Again each songster pours his tuneful lay,
And Nature smiles again magnificently gay!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

'FAST TO EAT, FAST TO WORK.'

Our friend of the New York Mirror who so fervently prays that we may eat slow, totally disregards the above adage, although ages of experience have sanctioned its truth. Time is not to be wasted, and the high admonition not to tarry long at the wine, is the same as to say don't eat slow. Napoleon allowed himself but fifteen minutes at his meals—if health or decorum required more, he would have taken more. Eating—what is eating, but merely passing food through the mill to prepare it for the secondary operation of digestion. Mastication is performed by the grinders, and the amount accomplished is in proportion to the quickness of their motion. If mastication is well performed, digestion will do its work without a murmur. We admit that quick motions are generally void of grace; but those of the jaws—mere periodical gasps, so intermittent that doubts arise in the mind of the beholder whether or not such may not be the last, are both ungraceful and painful. We ask our sluggish friend if he has not often seen in [illegible], some squeamish women and men too, so closely adhere to his doctrine, that a question has arisen in his mind, whether the food then taken into the stomach [illegible] allays the appetite so as to keep pace with the increase of hunger. At any rate I can assure him, that this has often been my misfortune, and that I have as often eaten a full meal, (and custom obliging me to wait the termination of the sluggish process to those about me,) have become a second time quite hungry, before it became me to rise. We will adopt the prayer of our friend, with a small amendment, and say—pray eat according to circumstances, not like the [illegible], so slow as to have it dissolve in the mouth, [illegible] by the power of gravitation merely, nor so fast as to cheat the grinders of their prey; but with that becoming spirit, with more or less expedition as time and circumstances may require. Don't stumble your food; nor take more time to eat in a [illegible], or quiet [illegible], than is necessary for the object. [illegible] I pray you then, that in whatever your hands or teeth find to do, do it, not with all your might, but with a [illegible] activity and leave those who have nothing better to do, to [illegible] between each mouthful, and again I say—pray eat fast or slow as circumstances may require.

REASON.

GASSERS. Women, knowing what their fate is to be after marriage—imprisonment for life—[illegible] to any haste in particular before marriage. Of what avail are professions to such?

N.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

PETER THE HUNCHBACK.

A TALE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

(Concluded.)

In the morning, ere the fashionable inmates of Roberney House had arisen from their slumbers, its young and courted lord had silently breakfasted, and disappeared. He did not wear the dress that clothed him the day before, but he more carefully than usual arranged his toilet. His dress was however, distinguished by its neatness rather than its richness—for well had he studied even in the short interview of the day before, the character of her whom he was about to visit—and he knew that unnecessary ornament would not avail him.

'I may be absent perhaps the whole day James'—said he to his servant, 'therefore delay nothing for me.'

'May I know where to find you should there be any urgent business?'

'No—no matter—let the business for once take care of itself.'

And Charles crossed the park, and the high road, and entered at a quick pace the old trees of the forest.

'Let business take care of itself.' The reader may easily imagine from this answer, the state of our hero's mind. What man in his senses, in this common-place world, says 'Let business take care of itself'? Our hero is in love—and what is love but insanity?

We went with him yesterday through the forest. Today we shall join him as he descends into the dell. With a slight palpitation at his heart—a bad symptom—he knocked at the cottage door, 'Come in,' said the heavy voice of the father—and he entered.

'Well—well—you keep your promise—glad of it—come in—come in—not too loud, for Peter is asleep—come here's a chair.'

'How is the wounded man, this morning?'—asked Charles.

'Oh, getting along—getting along; he'll be out tomorrow. Come nearer,' added he in a whisper—'as I told you, look out for that fellow—he'll plague the life out of the devil. Hush! I hear him mumbling; I must stump in to see what he wants. So—go up to my girl. She'll be glad to see you—she's in the old Tower—go!'

There seemed a weight on the old man's heart, with regard to Peter, which he struggled to throw off, yet dared not. Charles wondered as he went round the rock up to the Tower, what connection could subsist between them, to make the one so fearful of the other? Indeed, every thing connected with the trio was a subject for his astonishment. His meditations were interrupted by his approach to the crumbling ruins. He passed under a broken arch that had once been the gateway of a huge wall that skirted the summit of the rock, and entered the yard. It was filled with fragments of the building, that time and violence had thrown from their place. The base of the Tower was yet comparatively perfect. Having been constructed of huge stones, it had escaped the fate of the fabric it supported, and stood in its strength almost uninjured amidst the wrecks of the structures around. Charles crossed the piles of stone that lay scattered about, some broken, some yet entire, as they had been roughly shaped by the rude architects of other times, and then entered the building by a broad opening in which 'in bygone days,' a heavy iron door swung on its creaking hinges. This admitted him to an arched passage and at a side wooden door on one side, he knocked.

It was opened by Elizabeth. 'Ah, is it you?' said she. 'You are welcome to my nice parlor. See how delightfully I live.'

'Delightfully!' said Charles, 'with no one of your sex to sympathise with you—'

'Oh yes, yes—I can live with nature. Look here!' and she ran to the loop hole, and opened a rough lattice. 'Look out here on these waters—glorious—glorious! There are friends: every wave is a friend; and I gaze on them when they roll upwards in the storm—and long, long to be on them!'

'Should you not be afraid?'

'Afraid!' answered she a little scornfully, 'of what?—that they would injure me! No—no more so, than is the white gull that skims over the deep, and bathes his wing in its bosom!'

'Yet I do not think danger is to be altogether despised.'

'No—but I would not make all things that are sublime in nature subjects for unworthy terror. I would not hide my head from the storm, and shrink from the loud thunder. I love—oh how I love, when the black clouds are gathering above me, and the thunder rolls, and the sharp dazzling lightning is flashing, to stand out on the rock and gaze on it—and see the white waves dance in madness of joy! Come—we will go there now!'

She clasped her hands and darted from the apartment, and as Charles followed her, he observed with surprise that the furniture and decorations of the room were such as luxury would seek. The walls were hung with cloth, a rich carpet covered the floor, and a beautiful harp rested in the corner.

When he reached her side, he could not repress his curiosity, and he said—

'I must acknowledge my surprise to see evidences of wealth in so lonely a spot. Have you been long here?'

'No—not long'—answered she, 'we came in the spring; only long enough for me to see the sweet flowers bud and blossom.'

Charles was growing every moment more and more enraptured with the pure and artless creature, and as she stood on the ruins of the wall, and looked down upon the waters, he gazed on her face without speaking. Something was evidently in her heart, for she did not as usual burst forth into passionate exclamations at the beauty of all things about her, but remained for some time in silence—and then covered her face with her hands. Charles broke the stillness—

'Something has made you sad, I fear.'

'No, not sad; but I was thinking of my past life. What strange events has it been my lot to encounter.'

'May I not know them?'

'You do not really wish me to relate them.'

'I do indeed.'

'Well, I shall be brief, for I so hate a long story. First, I lived until I was twelve, in a little village on the coast of Wales. Oh, I was so happy then! I had a sister to love, and a kind mother, and every day went by laden with joy. But mother and sister both died, and I was an orphan.—Father was very good to me, but one night when he was away, for he was often gone for weeks from home, some soldiers came and searched our house. They were grim looking men, and I cried with terror and hardly dared to look at them. Then they went away, and we heard firing on the sea shore. Guns flashed and sounded in the darkness, and there were loud cries and terrible oaths. I did not sleep a wink; and towards morning father came and told me to dress myself and take my clothes, and go away with him. He looked so pale and agitated that I remember I wept at only that. He took me by the hand, told nurse to look after the house, and hurried me on board a small vessel that lay in the creek. I was sick for many days and knew nothing of what happened, until he told me one afternoon to get ready to land. I went on deck and found that we were by a strange shore. We left the vessel and father took a small house in the woods, and there we lived. I had seen Peter many times before; he landed with us, and he has been with us ever since. One day a stranger came to our cottage, and soon after Peter told father he must leave that place. So we sailed away to another country, and lived in an old dreary house in a dirty town—it was in France. Oh, how sad I was. I could see nothing but ugly houses, and nothing of beautiful nature; but last Spring we came over here, and now I am so happy!—I never was so happy in all my life!'

'Who is Peter?'

'I don't know; but he's very good. He provides me with every thing I want—and he has taught me to sing and gets me books, and tries to make me contented, as he says—he's a good creature. But there is father coming. Poor father! he has been lame so long!'

Thus saying, she ran down to the old man and accompanied him up the ascent.

'Ha! ha! Lizzy'—said he, 'looking out on the sea as usual.'

'Yes father—you know I love it.'

'So have I loved it, girl. Well, what say you now. How should you like to sail out with me, and skim across those waves?'

'Oh yes—do go!—now—now!'

'Well, well—you pay a fine compliment to your young friend here.'

'What have I said'—answered she blushing, and turning to Charles—'I beg your pardon—but I should like to go!'

'Rather than to see him, girl?' asked her father.

'What shall I say—I can't tell a lie. Yes rather than to see him now—for I can't sail often, and I know he will come again—won't you?'

This appeal restored Charles's good humor, somewhat dashed by her preference of a sail to his company—and more and more he found himself entranced with admiration of one so artless. Her character was a novelty to him. He had dealt with the elegant and the proud, with whom every word was measured, every action guarded, and feeling and originality cramped and almost annihilated by the baneful influence of custom.

'Well,' said the old man, 'we may as well trudge down and taste a morsel of something. I've picked up a few eatables of one kind and another—and as Peter is sick, we must make them do. We've no delicate things here sir—but I warrant we make it do.'

'Do!' exclaimed Elizabeth. 'I should detest him if he would make them more than *do*. We do not live to eat, father? Let us eat what we need, and if we would feast, here is a banquet above and around and every where about us! Eating! I detest the name—don't you?'

Charles thought of his cook, and did not answer.

'Come young man, Lizzy lives on what she sees—but I want something more solid—come.'

Charles partook with them of their frugal meal. He remained too, through the afternoon—promised to come again, and then went home. Well may it be imagined that he was unmercifully rallied for his absence, and his distraction of mind—but not a word did he answer.

'Well,' said Captain Gordon to him as he met him descending from the Tower of the House. 'Well, sir, I must call you to account. Pretty fellow, to absent yourself from a dozen pretty creatures for two days together. What's the matter?'

'Oh nothing! nothing!'

'Nothing, hey!' So young lords wander off before breakfast into a lonely forest for nothing! Tut! tut! A pair of black eyes have been shining on you, you rogue!—I'll find 'em out—believe me, I won't rest till I do!'

—

The fourth day after his discovery of the Hunchback, Charles having first despatched an order to H. for a fisherman to steer his boat round in the afternoon into the cove by the Tower, paid his third visit to Elizabeth. Every hour since he had first seen her, had her bright image been present in all its radiance before him. Only one day had intervened since he had been with her, yet had he often cast longing looks on the old forest, and stolen away from his gay company, which now had no charms for him, that he might from the tower of his mansion gaze on the far off sea and watch the rocks with his glass, hoping to see the white [illegible] he loved, [illegible]. In thought, he was with her in the silent dell—in thought he saw the lustre of her eye and heard the melody of her voice. The morning came, and soon did the forest echo his quick footsteps. As he descended into the little valley, he found the Hunchback enjoying the fresh breeze at the cottage door. He spoke kindly to him, and questioned him concerning his health; but Peter only scowled, and turned away, while hate glistened in the glance of his small grey eye. Self respect prevented Charles from intruding on one who wanted not his presence, so he left him, and went up to the Tower.

Elizabeth welcomed him with the same smile that had before gladdened his heart, and again was he delighted with the same evidences of a pure and unfettered mind. They walked among the tall trees of the forest, and over the towering rocks on the sea-shore, and in every object did Elizabeth find something to love, or awake her soul to rapture. Hour after hour thus passed away; Charles would had the day last forever. They went to the cottage for a simple meal, and were abroad again. At times Elizabeth would burst forth into a song; and like those first strains which kindled the flame of love in Charles's bosom, each was replete with the glow of feeling—for the maiden was all melody—her spirit was attuned to angel chords—and eye and voice and feature were but bright and faithful messengers of the pervading harmony within.

But wherever they strolled the feeble Hunchback followed. He came not near, but when they moved he would move—he would move—and throwing himself carelessly down, endeavor to hear their conversation. His face at times underwent dreadful contortions of rage—and it was plain that the warning of the father was not uncalled for—that the deformed was nursing some deep revenge.

'Oh,' said Elizabeth, as the sun which had been several hours declining, bathed the tops of the trees in light, whose richness was increased by contrast with the deep moving shadows, and the waves, stirred by the southern wind, sparkled in the clear beams. 'I see a white sail far off beyond the point!—It comes nearer—nearer! How beautifully and gracefully it skims across the surface, and in gallant pride dashes the light spray! Oh that it might come here!'

'It will come here,' answered Charles—'By magic spell, I command the fisherman to make for the shore beneath us! See how obediently he turns his prow! Come—may I gratify your wish of yesterday to enjoy a sail?'

'Thanks! thanks! Now I shall be once more on the breast of the waters that I love! Now I may rock on the waves, and glide like a sea bird over them! Quick—he beckons to us—and his boat touches the sand. There! all is ready! Oh joy! joy! Now we go from the still motionless shore to the dashing ocean!'

The Hunchback viewed all the preparations with a fiendish scowl, and when they were seated in the boat, ran back among the rocks, throwing his arms above him in an agony of rage. But his passion stayed not the little vessel.—It slowly obeyed its helm, and urged by the oar, it left the sand, until its sail caught the fresh breeze—then it yielded to the pressure and inclining gently on its side, moved swiftly away, cutting with its sharp prow the slight waves that with a bubbling sound reproached it for its unmannerly intrusion. The fisherman steered at first northward, keeping close in by the shore—showing the changing shadows of the ragged rocks, and the trees that grew on their summits. At one time emerging suddenly into the bright sunlight that broke through the deep crevices—and again as the boat glided onward, becoming wrapped in the broad sombre shade. Elizabeth had thrown off her bonnet, and sat with clasped hands, gazing now on the variegated shore, now on the far ocean, where the winds, [illegible] by the approaching land, played wildly over its bosom, and woke the white crested waves from their slumber. After a few moments of this [illegible], she started and exclaimed—'Oh the wave of the [illegible]! [illegible]; it [illegible] of the spirit of the earth [illegible] gliding. Go out there! there beyond the point—where [illegible] the line of foam, and the spray of the [illegible] billows! Oh go there!'

The old fisherman smiled at her enthusiasm, but shook his head—

'Would the young lady like to be caught in a storm? It looks doubtful—the wind will be getting round, and we may not get in—and that cloud there away has been growing bigger and bigger.'

'Go! I command you!' said Elizabeth, extending her hand and looking on him with her lustrous eye—'storm or sunshine—wind or calm—danger or safety—you must go there!'

The old man looked at Charles for guidance, and, on a signal of assent, turned toward the ocean. Charles indeed did not reflect that he had from youth studied the signs of the heavens, and could tell with seemingly prophetic vision the omens of the coming storm; but he had caught a spark of the maiden's enthusiasm, and longed to see her under its wilder influence—where her spirit should be wholly wrapt in its glowing fires.

The boat now left the windings of the land, and sought the broader waters. As it emerged from the undulating shadows, where the force of the breeze was stayed by the length of shore, and the sea was comparatively calm, it rocked for a moment from side to side, as if it would gather courage to tempt the untamed billows. Then the wind came rushing over the waters, and filled the flapping sail, and the little bark darted forward into the waves; gaily and bravely its prow dashed through them, cleaving their white tops and scattering them in light spray, while the dancing sun painted on the floating bubbles the brilliant hues of the rainbow. The breeze was evidently freshening—for at times the bellying sail almost kissed the tops of the waves, and Elizabeth would utter a slight scream of mingled joy and fear as the water dashed over the dipping gunnel. They were now fast clearing the point of land that made the southern angle of the bay, and interrupted the vision, and soon an ejaculation from the maiden and a closer compression of her hands, proclaimed that her eye roamed freely around her—while the increased rocking of the boat was witness that it was exposed to the full power of the mighty ocean.

'Shall I tack,' asked the old fisherman—'I don't like the looks of that cloud to the north'ard, and maybe the wind will change when the sun sets—we might get in before it storms. I'd better tack.'

'Stay a few moments,' entreated Elizabeth, 'O good old man, only a few moments—and then I'll be still as a kitten and not speak a word.'

Again was Charles appealed to as authority, and again did his nod but echo the wishes of Elizabeth, and the fisherman bore away to the north.

The sun's broad disk now almost rested on the woody horizon, and soon the action of the wind showed the trust to be reposed in the seaman's experience. On a sudden it died away, and at intervals only, whitened the crests of the waves, and filled the sail—while the trees of the distant forest that but now were bowing their tops under its steady influence, stood still and unbending in the calm.

'We're drifting fast out to sea with the tide' said the old fisherman, 'and this calm is only the pilot of a thunder storm. See those clouds pile up thicker and—I'll try to get in before it comes.'

He made instant preparations to accomplish this end.—He turned his prow toward the shore, and stationing Charles at the helm, for but little aid could be derived from the slight and inconstant puffs of wind, he grasped his oars, and his practised arm soon urged the boat rapidly onward. Now and then he paused, and looked intently to the north, where the thick black clouds were coming on with rapidity, stretching wide over the heavens, and hiding the light of the setting sun—then would he shake his head, and bend himself with lusty sinews to his toil.

It was now a dead calm. The sea was growing every moment stiller and stiller. No sound could be heard save the babbling of the waters at the prow of the boat, and the tinkling of the drops from the lifted oars upon the surface.

The clouds yet rolled on, rushing like chariots and horsemen over the sky—blackening the surface of the deep, as they came, and filling the air with darkness. Now and then, a gleam of light from the declining sun, broke through the huge masses, lit up their irregular edges, and cast a stream of brightness over the sea.

'Beautiful! beautiful!' said Elizabeth in a whisper, as she rose from her seat and stood up, supporting herself by the mast. To her these omens had no terror. They only awoke her spirit to the sublimity of the coming scene. She looked out unfearing with a steady gaze on the signs of the approaching storm. She saw in joy the white gull skimming through the dark air like a spirit of light, and the mighty elements preparing for their angry warfare.

The clouds had now reached the zenith in their course. As yet no drop of rain had fallen, and nature remained in fearful stillness. But at length the white-haired fisherman stood up and looked for a moment anxiously towards the north. 'There it comes!' said he, and in an instant the sail was lowered from the mast. It was coming indeed.—A long low rumble was its precursor—and then the northern horizon grew black as midnight. Nearer and nearer and broader and broader spread the misty darkness. And now the tops of the distant forest bent to and fro and their rustling could be heard on the waters, and far off as the eye could see, the ocean was dashing and foaming in mad fury. Fast—fast, sped its wild motion towards the boat, and soon the invisible and mighty herald of the storm passed by, and as he went, he bent the mast almost to the waters and wreathing his fingers in the maiden's hair, scattered it loosely on the air. Then a flash discovered the darkness—a stunning peal echoed along the sky, and the storm was above and around! The sheets of driven rain fell on the angry ocean with a sound like the hiss of a thousand serpents—while the unseen spirits of the wind drove the little boat rapidly along without sail or oar, almost plunging it beneath the waves.

But Elizabeth was not terrified. She still stood up, clinging to the mast, while the rain beat upon her uncovered head. All sight was shut out from her by the black curtain of the tempest, save when the lightning parted it.—Then was the shore which she was fast approaching, lit up for a moment with the lurid light, and in terrible distinctness was the tossing element around her revealed—then all was black again. At such moments did Charles see her, standing like a spirit, beside him, and he almost feared, for she would bathe her face in the lurid flashes, and her eye looked strangely bright in the dazzling ray.

'Do you not fear?' said he.

'Fear!' said she, 'No! no! I long to scream out aloud!—My soul seems pent up and stifled in its narrow home! I would mingle with the flash—yes, and ride on that thunder peal! Oh hear it—hear it! How it echoes along the heavens!'

'How does our worthlessness humble us when we look on this scene of grandeur!' said Charles.

'Oh not so—not so! To me the thought that all this sublimity is made for us, has elevation in it,' answered Elizabeth.

'Do you not think that fear adds to our ideas of sublimity?'

'Never! I do not fear.'

'And yet the next flash may destroy us.'

'I would wish to die in a scene like this. My spirit would then be free to mingle with the storm. But careful—careful—old man! I saw the shore close before us.'

'Ay, ay—look out for her when she touches,' answered the fisherman from the helm—and with the next flash the prow struck the sand, and Elizabeth leaped upon the shore.

The boat was secured, and Charles and the old man followed the maiden to the tower, where they found the father and Peter. Both seemed rejoiced at the safe return of Elizabeth; but there was mingled with the pleasure of the Hunchback, evident hate towards Charles. Elizabeth was soon left to herself, and the remainder of the party went down to the cottage. Charles and the fisherman dried their clothes by the fire that burned cheerfully on its hearth, and then slept before it. Long into the night did the storm continue—and as long did Elizabeth sit by the loophole of her lonely home, harkening to the roar of the troubled ocean, and by the flashes of lightning gazing on its wild commotion—and long was it ere Charles forgot the more than earthly majesty of her countenance and the burning lustre of her eye as it kindled in that fearful tempest.

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I am conscious that I am transgressing the limits of a tale in indulging in digressions from the main incidents of my story. I must therefore clip the wings of fancy, and hasten to the conclusion.

During the two weeks following the day of the sail, Charles was a constant visitor at the tower. Yet he did not obtain any solution of the mystery which surrounded its inhabitant. He once asked of her her father's name; but she answered that she had been forbidden to reveal it, and delicacy prevented him from pursuing his inquiry further. The old man was constantly kind to him, and apparently glad to see him with his daughter; while the Hunchback still continued his hate—never deigning to address him, and ever receiving him with a scowl.

Charles found however, that the two men consorted together through hidden policy, and not from sympathy, for he often entered the cottage when they were in loud and angry discussion; and he could detect the harsh voice of the Hunchback indulging in sneers and triumphant scorn; but with the exception of a few expressions from which he could infer nothing of moment, he gained no clue to their characters.

Nor did he make much progress in his exertions to obtain the heart of Elizabeth. He found that her mind had too wide a scope of enjoyment to confine itself to one object. She loved every thing that conveyed to her pleasurable emotions, and these were many—the bird—the breeze—the forest—the ocean. He felt that to win her, he must woo her long. Yet he did not despair.

One evening as he wound through the forest on his way home, he was startled by the sudden appearance of the Hunchback in his path. The dreadful expression of hate on his features, led him to fear personal violence, and he stood ready therefore to defend himself.

'Why do you visit the Tower?'—abruptly asked Peter.

'For my motives I am not accountable to you,' answered Charles'

'Well, come not again; but if you will be presumptuous, say not that you have not had full warning! Go home—go home, boy!—and come not again!—I tell you, come not again!'

Thus speaking with furious gestures, and choking with smothered rage, he ran into the forest, while Charles in deep wonder pursued his way home.

We now turn to Elizabeth. She was sitting the same evening in the Tower, when Peter presented himself before her. He had ever in past years been very kind to her, and Elizabeth, whose guileless heart harbored no deceit, thanked him with her friendship. But within a few days he had neglected her, and this was the first time she had since seen him alone. Even now he did not enter as he had formerly been accustomed, with a smile on his face, but it was clouded by a frown.

'Ah Peter,' said Elizabeth, 'sit down—I am glad to see you. Why Peter, what's the matter? Are you angry with me?' continued she, observing his strange look.

'Come here,' exclaimed he, 'and sit by me. Now Elizabeth, answer me this question. For the many years I've known you, haven't I done everything for you—found you books and music, and all your enjoyments?'

'Oh yes you have indeed.'

'And what think you of me for it?'

'That you have been very good.'

She answered him without any of the emotion he hoped to discover, and as she spoke, his face assumed an expression of mingled passions. He rose and vehemently exclaimed—

'No more? no more?'

'No, Peter. What could I give more?' asked Elizabeth.

'Well well—nothing—nothing; but what think you of this stripling—this Charles'—said he, with dreadful bitterness.

'I like him much—very much!'

At these words, Peter's face became deadly pale, and his full lip quivered with irrepressible emotion. Elizabeth sat looking on him in mute wonder for a few moments, until he started up, and turning to her, stretched out his arms, and almost yelled—

'Ha! ha! you can *love* him!'

'Peter!' ejaculated the astonished girl.

The ice was now broken, and all the smothered feelings of the Hunchback broke forth. He strided around the apartment, almost foaming with passion, while his eyes darted fire, and his breath passed with a hiss through his set teeth. Then he stopped opposite the wondering Elizabeth, and thus exclaimed—

'So, so—*I* am deformed—hateful!—and you can pass over the kindness and attention of years, and throw yourself into the arms of strangers. You leave me—you leave me! who have labored for you and done all for you—and saved you from misery—yes, scorn, and disgrace! and given you every joy; and can spend your time with this young fool—this acquaintance of a week! You can love *him!* but I—oh, I am a *hunchback*, ha!'

'Peter!' said the maiden in angry amazement.

'You must love me!—you *must* love me! By heaven, you must!' screamed he.

'*Must—love!*' said she, in proud tones of scorn, as she rose from her seat, and her eye flashed withering fire—'Must love! who tells me I *must*? I am fettered by no one, sir! I yield to no one! *Must!*'

'Woman hear this,' said he madly, 'you have provoked it, and now hear it! Your father has been a smuggler and a murderer! I saw the deed! I saw the exciseman fall beneath him! I have sheltered him—preserved him!—And all for you!—for you!'

'A murderer! my father! Oh, no! no!'

'It is truth! And I have saved him, for I loved you.—Had you requited me—had you loved me, I had never pained you thus; but you turn from me to this cursed stripling.'

Elizabeth for a moment covered her face, and walked in agitation about the room. Peter thought that the tale he had told her, would have the effect he wished, and softening his manner, he stole lightly to her side, and gently uttered her name. But she started from him as if he had been a scorpion—and pointing at him with her finger, while he shrunk before the lightning of her glance—she said—

'It is a lie—a lie! Ha! would you conquer me by a tale like that? You cannot sir! I know it is a lie!'

'I have proofs—I have proofs!' answered he, 'and you will have to believe it. Ask *him*—his own mouth will confirm my tale—and unless you yield to me, he is lost!—for I have lived for you! I must have you! Speak—speak!—shall he die?'

Elizabeth looked not like a mortal being, as he said this—so glowed her features with contempt and insulted dignity—

'What! am I the price of guilt?' said she. 'Begone!'

'I will not—I will not!' shouted he, seizing her arm—'I cannot go till you promise to be mine!'

The maiden, by a vigorous struggle freed herself from his grasp, and exclaimed—

'Stand back and hear me! You know me, and so believe me! I tell you I will die, ere I yield to you! I scorn you!'

The Hunchback knew her well, and he knew how far to trust those tones of determined energy—and he rushed from the apartment.

When he had gone, Elizabeth wept long and bitterly.—Her buoyancy of spirit seemed to support her in this sad extremity, and her grief almost [illegible] the agony of despair. She had dearly loved and reverenced her father!—She had been told that he was a smuggler and a murderer! and, as the strange circumstances of her life thronged before her memory, she felt that it might be true. And she had in a measure loved Peter—indeed she loved every thing that seemed good around her, and now that these two whom she had so confided in, the only beings save one she knew on earth, were proved to be vile and contaminated by sin—it was a dreadful blow to her unshaking confidence. But at length, grasping the only stay that was left her, she started up and exclaimed, 'I will not believe it.—This villain has framed it to mould me to his purpose—I will tell all to my dear father.'

Encouraged by hope, she left the tower, although it was now dark, and sought the cottage. As she came near to it, she heard the voice of Peter in earnest conversation in the inner room. With a palpitating heart she softly approached the open door and looked in. By the faint light she saw Peter sitting on the side of the little table near, with his back towards her. Her father sat opposite, with his face upon the table, buried in his hands.

'You remember the night of March?' said Peter.

A groan from her father was the only answer.

Peter's voice here sunk to a whisper—'I saw the exciseman fall.'

A deeper groan answered this—and it knelled dreadfully on the heart of Elizabeth. The Hunchback continued—

'And that very night you swore, that if I would conceal this (and here he drew a paper from his pocket and raised it in the air)—this proof of your guilt, you would give me your daughter. Now do it—make her mine—or remember!'

'I can't force her will, if she won't love you.'

'But you can persuade old man. You must persuade—for by heaven, if in three days she do not promise to marry me, I will not spare! This damning paper and my accusation go to the nearest magistrate.'

'He'll not believe you.'

'Ha! It may be! But this—will he believe this—(and Peter held the paper up again) this dying testimony of the murdered man! Ha! ha!'

No answer followed this fiendish address,' but well did the clenching of the father's hands betray his agony. At length he raised his head and looked supplicatingly toward his inhuman persecutor.

'Speak!' cried Peter, 'Shall it be as I wish?'

The father's eye followed the hand of the Hunchback, as it waved the fatal writing before him. Elizabeth stood concealed in the deeper darkness of the outer room, breathlessly awaiting the result of a conversation in which herself was so nearly concerned. Her pain would equal the misery of her parent. Her bright eye was dimmed by the starting tear—her cheek blanched to snowy whiteness.—Still did the old man watch the paper, until at last, with a slight quiver through his frame, as the pang of agony caused by the Hunchback's demoniac triumph darted thro' his veins, he laid his head again upon the table. Peter still waved the fatal paper in the air, gazing on him with a fiendish smile on his face, and for a time the two thus remained in silence, while Elizabeth held her very breath.—A groan at last escaped the father's lips, and lifting his head, he cast a piercing glance into his companion's face, to find there one relenting look; but there was none. The smile of the deformed became even more malignant as he shook the paper in determined malice. In a convulsion of despair, the old man suddenly thrust forth his hand to grasp the talisman of life and death. He seized it—but with set teeth, and a subdued continued shriek of combined passion, Peter wrested it from him, and then starting up, waving it around, and holding it as high as he could reach above his head, exclaimed—

'Mine! mine still and forever! Now old man thou hast sealed thy doom! Even thy daughter cannot save thee!—This night, by the eternal heavens, let what will betide, this paper goes to the magistrate. Yes—'

His words were suddenly arrested! It was the moment then, for the spirit of Elizabeth to break forth. The paper as he held it in his grasp, almost touched her. The momentous occasion almost froze her veins with the pain of anxiety. But nerving herself for the effort, fixing her eye on the fatal object, and aiming surely—she sprung—it was hers! Quicker than thought she escaped to the other side of the apartment. The moon had just risen above the hills, and threw her pale beam into the rough lattice upon her; and the two astounded men could see the movement of her hands, and hear the rending of the paper as she tore it to atoms and cast it on the floor. O that a painter had been there at that moment to sketch the trio in the dim light.—The father sitting with a bewildered gaze as if an angel had come from heaven to save him. The Hunchback, dumb with astonishment and rage striving to collect his scattered senses—and the girl filled with a strange mingled sensation of fear and joy, standing with her mouth slightly open, her eye wildly bright, and her hands nervously clasped and trembling before her. The scene was soon broken. Peter, with a mad yell darted toward her; but the father, while a 'Thank God,' quivered on his lips, threw himself for he could not stand, in his path. The two fell together, and the rage of the deformed was turned on him. He bent his fingers about the old man's throat, and the gurgling gasp and convulsion, spoke the deadly pressure.—Again for the daughter! She wound her fingers in the murderer's hair, and with more than woman's power, drew back. Her father was saved again—but the strength of Elizabeth was gone—nature could endure no more—she gasped—raised her hands to her head, and fell senseless upon the floor.

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The inmates of Roberney House, with a brilliant company, were assembled in the illuminated apartments on the evening after the scene that I have described. Charles had been eager during the day to visit the valley, but the jolly Admiral, suspecting some love affair, from his daily absence from his home, and determined to ferret out his secret, held him by various pretences in most painful durance and it was impossible for him to be absent in the evening, as he gave a grand ball to the inhabitants of H—. He walked about his rooms with a smile on his face, chatting with one and another, bandying the words of gentle courtesy, while his heart was among the wild rocks of the sea-shore. When the band struck up their inspiring notes, he chose for his partner to lead the dance, the beautiful Lady Charlotte L—. She was the handsomest woman, and he the handsomest man in the room, and many were the glances cast at them, and the words of prophecy whispered, that something important might be expected from the conjunction of two such stars at such a time. He led the chosen one with a gallant air to the upper end of the hall, and was pouring soft flattery into her ear, when a servant came in hastily and whispered to him. He had scarcely heard what had been said to him, before he went quickly to the outer chamber, and found there—leaning against a marble column, no paler in its whiteness than her blanched cheek, with eyes almost closed in faintness and a shaking frame, Elizabeth. When she saw him, all the pent anguish of her breast burst forth, and shrieking—'Oh my father! my father!' she fell into his arms.

He carried her into a private room to be free from the stare of curiosity—and restoratives were administered that once more gave her strength. But her brain was wild.—To all his eager questions she answered nothing—but now she prest her hands to her burning forehead—now burst into tears—and again exclaimed in tones of agony—'My father—my father!' Charles felt that something had happened at the Tower, and consigning Elizabeth to the care of proper attendants, he summoned several servants and accompanied by the Admiral, took the path through the forest. Anxiety made the walk doubly dreary. His mind was with the suffering Elizabeth—and her sad tones of anguish still ringing in his ear, made his heart ache. The valley was at last reached—and they entered the cottage door. All was still. Charles held up his lantern, but discovered nothing. The fire was extinguished on the hearth.

and there were no signs of a living thing. They went into the inner room and the mystery was revealed. The old man lay on the floor—dead—evidently murdered—for the blood had streamed from his side, and his hands were gashed as if he had tried to ward off the deadly blow. His gray hairs were dragged in the clotted gore, and his face was distorted by the agonies of a violent end.

Where was the murderer? They found him in the Tower, sitting crouched in the corner beside the harp that Elizabeth had so loved to play. Terrified at the deed he had committed, he had endeavored to destroy himself—but his trembling hand had but half accomplished his work—and he was there fainting from loss of blood. They raised him up and placed him on the cottage bed. But passion combined with weakness, soon wore away his life. He survived but a single day.

What became of Elizabeth? For a long time, her excited imagination overcame the strength of reason and she was a maniac. But attention restored her. Contact with the noble owner of the mansion in which so much had been done for her, ere long opened to her the rich treasures of his character, and endeared him to her heart—and there is now a beautiful bright eyed woman, the mistress of Roberdsy House,—and her husband calls her—Elizabeth!

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

RAMBLES IN BOSTON—CONTINUED.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE. Can't for our lives agree with our Junior touching the architectural and topographical arrangements of the new Court House. To Ourself now, it is a remarkably handsome, well-situated and appropriate building; with a magnificent portico, and about as good an approach as you ever see to a place of business in a large, crowded city; and with a severe plainness of exterior—of the interior we do not pretend to judge—worthy of all praise. With more architectural embellishments, it would appear only the more crowded and the more out of place.—And where would you have a Court House—if not near the centre of business and accessible to the profession?—You might as well set up an Exchange, or a Custom House, or a Bank on the outskirts of a large city, as a Court House. And except on the very outskirts—where would you hope to find a place worth occupying in a city already built?—No, no,—all things considered, and allowing what we may for the silly and presumptuous interference of nobody knows whom, with the mature designs of a professional architect—an offence which ought to be indictable in every Christian country—we cannot help saying that in our humble opinion—we are very humble just now—*very*—the Bostonians ought to be proud of their new Court House; and the people of the Bay State very proud of the Bostonians for the liberality and manliness they show in their public buildings.

SPLENDID PAINTINGS! Correggio's Night and the Apotheosis of the Virgin by Raffaelle—copied by Herr Von Vodgelstein, whose reputation is said to be established.—We should think so. The first is a wretched picture, with little or nothing of Correggio's manner to sanctify it—with bad drawing, bad coloring, bad expression—and everything bad, save a passage near the centre, altogether more like Rembrandt than like Correggio, save that the woman here is something like a gentlewoman—or at least something unlike a fat Flemish Frau. Here, to be sure, we have an accumulation of richness, power and effect well worth studying—though not of copying.

The second—the Apotheosis—though fuller by far of its author, reminds you directly of Murillo and his womanly creatures afloat in a deep, clear atmosphere. The beautiful Cherub at the bottom, everybody is acquainted with—it has been copied and recopied, and borrowed and stolen, by every artist that ever lived—and by the way, this reminds us of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Puck, and most of the identities he perpetrated for children—*begged* if not *borrowed* from the face of the little romping Cherub near the top of the picture in Correggio's Night—so called. By the way Raffaelle is no favorite of ours—Correggio is, whenever he *is* Correggio—in other words whenever he has to deal with young mothers and fat, pleasant-looking babies—never when he dabbles with the sublime, or gets bewildered with Cherubim and Seraphim, Virgins and Mothers of God.—Then!—but enough. These pictures are not worth making a fuss about—of the two, only one, the copy from Raffaelle is worth visiting at all—even with a view to understand the source of that strange delusion respecting the Ancient Masters, which, overspreading all Europe, country by country, has found its way hither at last, only to deceive us with unearthly exaggeration.

BOSTON MOBS. Very respectable to be sure—and for that very reason more to be dreaded. But make mobs *respectable*, and there's no putting them out of countenance. Relying upon the precedent established at the head quarters of a moral and religious people—the administrators of Lynch law, or *executors* rather, will stop at nothing after awhile. Who would have believed—who *could* have believed one year ago that such a thing as a Boston mob could exist—or, under any circumstances, triumph over the laws? *These are but the beginnings of Revolution*—deny it as we may—disguise it as we may—*the Reign of Terror is at hand in these United States!* We are already under the dominion of brute force—of unregulated, *unpunishable violence*—liable at any hour to be trampled to death under the hoofs of the multitude.

The mob of patriots in the Revolutionary war, who cast the tea into Boston harbor by ship-loads—but followed the example of other mobs who had set themselves in array against the laws of the land—it matters not whether good or evil, whether wise or foolish—they were the laws of the land, and for that reason to be respected until *deliberately* set aside by the congregated might of a whole people, pondering their judgments in silence and darkness, and issuing their decrees with the solemnity and power of another Areopagus—not by a few, administering their own hasty, unprepared, unpremeditated adjudications, without uncovering their faces or daring to reveal their names. These were the events that sanctified mob-law forever in the United States.—With what countenance can we put upon trial the murderers of General Lingan, a grey-headed, Revolutionary soldier at Baltimore; under what pretence arraign the rioters in a Catholic church-yard at Philadelphia, who tore up the very walls, and trampled upon women and children in their rage, but a few years after the death of Lingan—nay, under what circumstances, and *how*, are we to deal seriously with the Charlestown rioters for destroying at dead of night, *and with fire*, a Catholic institution, established for the education of young females—protestant females?—or with them those who administer Lynch Law?—Gracious God!—that we should come to this, after all that we have done and suffered in this country for the establishment of law and order!—that we should be entirely at the mercy of the multitude!—that mobs should be growing more and more respectable, and more and more formidable every year!

Consider the case of poor Garrison—our opinion with regard to the man himself and the cause to which he has devoted himself is pretty well known—we shall not stop therefore, to deprecate the misapprehension of anybody—but we ask a sober consideration of the case itself. A word—a look—but the lifting of a finger might have cost a fellow-creature his life at noon-day, in the midst of this *moral and religious people*. And what would have been the consequences?—what must have been the consequences?—not to the murderers themselves—and every man at all engaged in the business would have been a *murderer*, not only in the eye of the law, but before God—not to the murderers themselves, *for they could not have been punished*, we say it seriously and with a full understanding of the consequences—*they could not have been punished*—but to the character of Boston herself?—of her moral and religious people?—of New-England?—of our whole country indeed?—Think what would have been said of us over sea, *and with truth!*

Better—far better that a troop of royal cavalry had charged upon the mob of patriots in the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, who first interfered by violence with the administration of law, by stopping the sale of stamps;—better ten thousand times better for us, and for our posterity, had a volley of bullets been poured into that other mob of patriots who emptied the tea into Boston harbor, with such astonishing solemnity and stillness, thereby sanctifying forever the doings of quiet and orderly violence—better, far better, that a park of mounted artillery had opened without *notice* upon the Charlestown mob a twelve-month ago—or [illegible] upon our respectable and well-dressed fellow-citizens of Boston, when they gathered themselves together but a few days ago, without having deliberated or agreed upon the steps to be taken—trusting to impulse and provocation solely for their guidance—*with no controling power at their disposal*—with no barriers built up, over which they could neither be tempted, nor cast, nor driven—idle precautions at best, for who shall say to a mob—a respectable mob—Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther!—here shall thy proud waves be stayed?—but even these precautions were neglected—and the result *might have been*—ay! and the frightful consummation was avoided almost by a miracle—the result might have been that a fellow-citizen—a husband—a man *unconvicted* of crime, yea *untried*—might have been strangled with a rope—or torn limb from limb, by an exasperated—though *respectable* mob—without being allowed a moment for preparation or prayer, for leave-taking or entreaty. We say that he escaped but by a miracle—and we have seen about enough of mobs, and of *respectable* mobs, to believe what we say. And now men of Boston!—we put it to you—what would have been the consequences to your character, to the character of New-England—nay to the character of your whole country, had this foul and terrible reproach fallen upon you!

DOUGHTY'S ROOM. Called, but couldn't catch him in—sorry for it—for nobody thinks more highly than we of this charming painter—his fat, lazy trees to the contrary notwithstanding. But they *do* say—we know not how true it is—they do say, that his trees are wide awake now—playing with the wind and glorying in the sunshine.—Pratt too—tried to see him but couldn't.

THE LIBERATOR. A number of this execrable paper has reached us, pretending to give an account of a speech we made at Portland not long ago, when that clamorous blockhead, George Thompson, was expected there. The whole report is false—false in every particular. We did not contradict ourselves—nor recommend violence in one breath and discourage it in another—we appeal to every man present with manliness enough to put his name to the charge—we appeal to Mr H. A. S. Dearborn, of this city, who happened to be present—ask him. The truth is that we knew it was the intention of our people, for they had told us so, to tear George Thompson from the pulpit, if he dared to show himself there—and we went to the meeting, not to make a speech, for we are no speech-maker, but simply to prevent this, the administration of mob-law—in a town we loved—our native town. *We succeeded.* We made no speech—we attempted no speech—but being called upon by name, repeatedly and generally, we stated what we knew—we proclaimed George Thompson and his aiders and abettors, common brawlers and disturbers of the peace—called him what we believed him to be, one of the greatest scoundrels that walked the earth—refering to the *unanswered* charges of the Courier and Enquirer for proof (though we did not call him a '*liar*,' as alleged in the *Liberator*)—and exposing the fellow's contemptible ignorance and blundering audacity on the subject of our constitutional law, as exhibited in a speech we once happened to hear out of his own mouth—*avowing our intention to prevent a mob at the risk of life*—to defend Thompson at Portland, as we did Garrison at New York, two years ago—when, had he been caught, he would probably have owed his life to the protection of James Watson Webb and some twenty more, now charged with instigating mobs.—All this we did—and all this we hope to do again before we die. But the correspondent of the Liberator at Portland—a silly and presumptuous boy, we dare say, has made a very different story of it.

P. S. Since the above was written, we have met with a Liberator in which we find ourselves personally assailed by Garrison himself—the pitiable wretch—really the fellow is not worth answering.

FISHER'S ROOM. There is one picture at Fisher's—one among a number of beautiful and clever things, each with a strongly touched character of its own, which ought to be sent over sea, for exhibition at Somerset-House in the month of May next. No time should be lost. We will answer for its reception there. It would sell for a hundred guineas at once—and, what is more, establish the author's reputation and lead to further orders. The picture is so purely and boldly American—apart from its worth as a picture, which would secure it a distinguished place in the best collections there,—the story is so new—so striking—so peculiar—so charged with what they are least accustomed to over sea, and so like what they most admire in Cooper's novels—the savage loneliness of another world, the strange and frightful familiarity with danger, to be expected nowhere, to be encountered nowhere, but in the Great Western Wilderness of America. A woman asleep under a tree in the deep of the wilderness—one child, a boy, just old enough to trudge by her side, overcome by fatigue and lying with his head half-buried in his mother's lap—a beautiful and laughing baby at her side—the youngest born—trying to wake his mother with one hand while he shakes a little stick at a panther on a tree branch just overhead and *just ready to spring*—two generous dogs watching the terrible beast and ready to fly at his throat, the moment he springs—though certainly no match for him—a little way off, two hunters with their rifles—one just ready to let fly with that deadly aim, which leaves you nothing to fear, though the creature should fall in the midst of the group—the dogs will take care of him, should he not be killed upon the spot—these are the elements of the picture. It is called the *Emigrant's Widow*. The contrasts are well-imagined and admirably expressed—the childish playfulness of the babe—the cat-like, deadly preparation of the panther—the vast solitude—the distant hunters—the two dogs and their watchfulness—and the sleeping mother and her boy—all are confidently and bravely set forth, and most effectually. We should be sorry—no *glad* to have such a picture go out of the country—where it would startle and amaze another and a very different race of men.

N.

THE LECTURES.

LYCEUMS, in this city, and, indeed, in almost every village of any size in New England, have become a praiseworthy and important means of disseminating knowledge. A strong prejudice has existed against them in the minds of many, but being in every respect unfounded, it is fast retreating before the sterling merit of these institutions and many of their former opponents rank now among their warmest supporters. Indeed, all must rejoice at the deep interest evinced by the public in these *schools* of learning. Where the uninformed adult may come without shame to himself and without any exertion of mind, and pour out refreshing streams upon the parched and unfruitful fields of his ignorance and the scholar renew the impressions of his memory.

Of this city, Lyceums have become almost a distinguishing feature. Crowds throng the spacious lecture rooms of the different societies, and the spirit of inquiry continues unsatisfied, although a feast is continually before it. Almost every evening of the week is occupied by a lecture before one association or another. On Monday we have the Franklin Lectures; on Thursday the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the Boston Lyceum, and on Friday the Phrenological Society.

Confident that great good is to be derived from these discourses on various subjects, we have determined for the advantage of those who may be prevented from attending them, to give from week to week analyses of and remarks upon such as our time will allow us to hear, or which appear to us of the most general interest.

We shall deem it proper to express our own opinions upon the subjects treated of, but we shall do it with all humility. The lecturers are, in almost every case, men of profound knowledge and deep scientific research, and it may seem presumptuous in us to apply the test of our criticism, tyro as we must acknowledge ourself to be in comparison with these, and standing but on the threshold of the temple, where they have entered into the penetralia, and dealt with its most hidden mysteries. But it is seldom that some scintillation may not be struck out from the striking of minds, however rough and unformed one or both may be, and we shall crave pardon for seeming boldness as our object is assuredly laudable.

On Monday last we heard the Introductory Franklin Lecture delivered by Francis Baylies. He did not choose as might have been expected of him, a general subject as a kind of preface to the course, but addressed the audience upon the causes of the "Aurora Borealis." The following is a condensed abstract of his views.

He first described the Aurora—its scintillations—the dark cloud that sometimes accompanies it—the bow which it often takes, and its beauty when it covers the whole heavens, and forms a bright crown in the zenith. He then enlarged upon the times when it had been observed—never before the year 1560—after that, at intervals until within fifty or sixty years, and of late more frequently; then he spoke of the directions in which it is seen in different countries. In New England in the North East, in Europe in the North West, in Lancaster Sound at the South, and in Iceland at all points of the compass. He brought forward arguments from these prefatory facts to prove that it could not be owing to electricity, to which it is usually ascribed. Had this been its cause, it would assuredly have been seen by the ancients; and would not have been confined to one particular quarter but would have pervaded the globe.

Mr B. attributed it to the light of a chain of volcanoes situated in East Greenland. The directions in which it was seen would support this hypothesis as would its appearance. Refraction would throw the light to a great height so as to enable it to be observed at a great distance. The dark cloud might be the smoke of the volcanoes and being transparent would render this supposition more probable. East Greenland was surrounded by a belt of ice which rendered it unapproachable so that the fact could not be determined. This country was once warm and fertile; and Mr. B. accounted for this fact, and for the fact that the Aurora was not seen until within a few hundred years, by supposing that the fires formerly had no vent, but raged under ground, warming and fertilizing the earth; and when they burst from the tops of the mountains the heat was withdrawn and the cold created this barrier about the frozen land. Magnetism might be referred to this source, and the stones which have fallen from the air were probably thrown with an enormous projectile force from these volcanoes, and not from the moon, for it is more reasonable to suppose a projectile force sufficient to throw them a great distance over the earth's surface, than one capable of propelling them beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction.

Such is a skeleton of the lecture. A great many points of the theory appear very plausible, but these are far overbalanced by opposing facts. Neither, indeed, are some of the data upon which Mr. B. has founded his arguments established to our satisfaction. He says that no mention of this phenomenon occurs until the year 1560; and judges therefrom the non-existence of the Aurora. We do not question Mr. B's research, but we think it probable that some authors who may have observed these signs of the heavens may have been overlooked; yet even allowing that it is not in any work distinctly mentioned, we know that the ancients have described many portentous appearances occurring at different times and making the souls of men to quake; and this may in all probability be included in these general records.

Again, we cannot allow that the appearance of the Aurora Borealis bears any strong resemblance to the accompaniments of a volcano. A volcano would emit when burning a constant light diffused widely through the atmosphere. But the light of the phenomenon is variable and irregular, not diffused, but appearing in darting and wavering corruscations. And more, the reflections of a volcano would be seen at one point of the compass alone: while the coruscations of the Aurora are often widely extended and apparently parallel to each other. Great distance makes lines diverging at an angle appear parallel, but Greenland cannot be so remote as to obviate this objection. How, too, can Mr. B. on the supposition that the Aurora is a volcano, account for the extent of this bright appearance even within our own remembrance, when it spread in wild play over the whole surface of the heavens, and in sportive pride gathered itself into a lustrous coronet at the zenith?

Mr. B. remarked that it was not certain that any sounds had been heard accompanying it. Forsooth, because some astronomers have asserted that it has no sound because they were unable to hear it, are we to disbelieve the words of men equally trustworthy, who aver decidedly that they have heard a crackling noise attending the Aurora? Indeed, we should be unwilling to mistrust our own senses, which bear witness to the same report. If it be true that sounds have been heard from the Aurora, it militates strongly against the plausibility of this theory; and why should not direct testimony to this effect be believed?

In regard to Greenland's being walled up with ice so that no approach can be made sufficiently near to test the truth of the supposition, we are more skeptical on this point than any other. If the reflection of a volcano in East Greenland is so vivid in New England, we feel assured that it would appear in satisfactory distinctness to remove every doubt, to those who tempt the polar regions of the north or to the inhabitants of Iceland.

We venture not to speculate upon what may be the origin of this phenomenon; but we think that the facts in the case are strongly opposed to the theory of volcanoes.

H.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

ATMOSPHERE. Millions of people, who have lived and died within the boundaries of a city larger than all our cities put together, ay, larger than all our cities and towns over five thousand inhabitants put together—London—add them up for yourselves, if you doubt us—millions of such people have gone through the world without any just idea of atmosphere. They have lived and died in a *London twilight*. Hence the beauty and breadth of their pictures; and the oddity of their looks and language when they see the sunshine afloat over the dust of Hyde Park or trying to find its way through the tree tops of Kensington Garden. They believe, in the simplicity of their hearts—ay, believe, there is nothing like it on the face of the earth.

COQUETTES. There are human creatures with hearts—ay, *hearts!*—like the Palmetto forts of the Revolution. The more they are battered the stronger they are. Every shot that tells, but helps to make them more impenetrable.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. *Ladies* forsooth!—young *gentlemen!* Most of the young gentlemen grease their own shoes—or the shoes of somebody else; and all the young ladies darn their own stockings, and not a few take in washing.

THE LAKE SCHOOL. Poets of one *school* do you say!—Poets of one *class* rather!

SAGACITY OF A DOG. A fine dog belonging to an old quaker relation of ours, having lost the use of both eyes, still continued to perform his tour of duty as if nothing had happened. A thousand instances could be mentioned of his quickened sagacity—one sense doing more than the duty of two in ordinary people. A boy lost a hat overboard. The dog was called and made to understand what had happened. The tide was running strong—after listening a moment in he went, head-first, and *swimming with the tide*, began the search, and so effectually as to recover the hat with which he reappeared three quarters of a mile below, *after dark*. Notwithstanding his misfortune, he would pursue an object at full speed, and seldom or never run against any thing. He appeared to have more than the sensibility of the bat on approaching an object. He lived two or three years after the accident—swallowing with difficulty.

SECTARIANISM. There are people who would rather see their neighbors damned—than find themselves mistaken, or others right.

FOOLS. Underwitted people are harder to manage than those of more than common capacity. There is no protecting yourself against a fool. Fools are never *outwitted*. Crows are cheated with pack-thread and make-believes, because they are wiser than other birds, not because they are sillier. Strong minds are *credulous* and superstitious, and often full of strong faith in witchcraft, sorcery and miracles.—Why?—Because they know *more*, not because they know *less* than the multitude.

SUBJECT FOR A STORY. Jealousy of a father—consummated in his daughter's marriage. What a tale might be made of it, and that, without dishonoring the father or degrading the love he bore his child!

VALUE OF CHARACTER. The honest man may do with impunity what the dishonest man may not be suspected of, without encountering a burst of indignation.

TRUE GREATNESS. A great man is not a weather-cock to change with the wind; but a mountain, to change the course of the wind; not a thing to tell which way the popular opinion sits, so much as it is a thing to make the popular opinion sit which way it should—not so much a feather or a straw, as a barrier or a breakwater.

INDEPENDENCE. Why should not a woman delight in serving her husband? His whole life is spent in clothing and feeding her. So says the law, and law is the perfection of Reason! and therefore a man may beat his wife with a cudgel no thicker than a man's thumb.

YANKEES. Yankees are eternally improving upon other people's suggestions. It is a leading characteristic with them. They are always striking out into what may be called *collateral* paths—not exactly new ones—nor old ones.

MUMMIES. 'All Mummies exhibit a full and regular set of teeth in a perfectly sound and healthy state.' So says the new Edinburgh Encyclopedia. Ergo, there were no dentists in those days.—But people's teeth perish by handsful—yea by neighborhoods—where there never was such a thing heard of as a dentist.—Ergo—Their fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge! So saith Dr Graham—or rather, so argueth Dr Graham.

NEWSPAPER OSTRACISM. We pay two millions a year, to have our best men blackguarded periodically by professional blackguards—including postage.

RULE FOR CONVERSATION. Quote poetry. If it applies—well. If not, so much the better. It passes for a joke, and you for a pleasant fellow, with more in you than people suspected. Spring a joke whenever you get a chance. If you get your fingers nipped, no matter—hit or miss, you are a pleasant fellow, so long as there is life enough in you to make mouths or to turn off a palpable hit. Acquire a few off handish, cant phrases, and if hard pushed, in with them—they are sure to tell anywhere, though best at a dinner table. We have known many a wit—ay, many a professed wit—who saved his bacon at least twelve times a year by some trick of the sort—a whiff or a smile, a cant phrase or a peculiar intonation—such as, Oh, distressing! or I—haw! haw!—followed instantly by a full stop and a change of countenance.

EAVES-DROPPING. Well, neighbor G.—I can't afford to farm as you do. I am sure I cant afford to farm as you do, neighbor O. Always a tryin to counteract the plans of put somebody in the wrong that's been a farmin ever since you was knee high to a bumble bee, or else to make up for the deficiencies of—throwing up his eyes with a devout look—of Him that aint apt to be mistaken about soils or crops, and that sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.—Ahem! said neighbor O—turning off with a smile, and walking away toward a field where a hired man was manufacturing marl by the cart-load for him.

You pray for rain though, I hope, neighbor, said G. following neighbor O. afar off.

Why should I, neighbor G? In his own good time the Lord will send it—upon the just and the unjust—why should we trouble him, or *wrestle* with him—as you call it?

Oh, but you do pray for rain though—don't you?
No—my crops of hay are all housed.
Oh, but I want rain for turnips!

HOW TO DISTINGUISH A THOROUGHBRED YANKEE. His pocket-handkerchief is always in sight—his hat and hair unbrushed—his nails dirty or trimmed to the quick. At dinner he always eats the crust of a pie first—and begins at the tail of a tommy cod or a smelt—and attacks a hot pudding by regular approaches, like an old-fashioned general before a beleagured fortress.

DENTISTRY. There is no department of science more practised by ignorant and impudent pretenders, or less understood even by the most skilful, than *Dentistry*. Not ten years ago, a man from the British provinces went thro' the States, drawing teeth *without pain*, by a lever, the fulcrum of which rested on a layer of soft pine, so as to distribute the pressure over the whole jaw! Within two years after that, a Yankee appeared in London, who practised what he called *excision*—cutting teeth off at a blow, also without pain!—Last year another Englishman appeared at New York—but soon disappeared—who filled teeth from the nose of a coffee pot with a preparation of melted bismuth!—All excellent plans, but we have a better, for which we are inclined to sell the privilege for New England.—Our plan is, to drill into the affected tooth and blow it up with gunpowder.

A MYSTERY. Whence the difference between *things* and *faces*, after a long observance? When we grow old together, we perceive no change. Where we grow old apart—there is an instantaneous transformation of our whole character the moment our eyes meet. It is the first sight of a looking-glass—the first blast of a trumpet, before which our self-delusion tumbles to the earth, like the walls of Jericho—or vanishes like the mist from the edge of a crumbling precipice over which you have been sleeping.

UNCHANGABLENESS. There are men who live and die in the pursuit of one single object. Die when they will, they never fail to reach that object—or to get so near that any body can see they would have reached it, had they been allowed to breathe but a moment longer. Their hands were upon it—and they fell. They were reaching for the fruit as it dropped away forever. Would you have such men 'palter with a double sense?—Would you have them change—or trifle—or become what others are?—In other words, would you have the thunderbolt transformed to a shepherd's pipe—or the iron sceptre and the rocky throne of a despot burst forth into flowers, and fill the air with perfume and snow blossoms. Trees cast off their encumbering foliage when they go to war with the winds.—Naked, they are invulnerable. So with men's minds—there are some that are always naked—always prepared, like the listening gladiator. The listening gladiator! What a subject for statuary!—We make a present of the idea to our old friend Hughes, or Bailey, or to our countryman, the clever and beautiful Greenough. There's more magnanimity for you!

VANITY. Any man would be called *vain* for saying that of himself which every body knows to be true, and which every body else might say with propriety: and *modest* for saying that of himself which every body knows to be false, and which no other would be allowed to say of him. Take up a review of Lord Byron. Read it through. Be satisfied that it is exceedingly severe and bitter—and say so.—Then let somebody satisfy you that it was written by Lord Byron himself, or by a friend at Lord Byron's request, and what becomes of your judgment! What think you then of the severity and bitterness? From that moment Lord Byron becomes the vainest creature upon the face of the earth. As with George Gordon—Lord Byron—so with John Milton—so with William Shakspeare—so with Napoleon Bonaparte—so with George Washington. Falsehood is modesty—truth vanity.

ADVERTISING. But the other day it was the fashion for lawyers to advertise themselves and solicit patronage, upon a promise of punctual attendance at all hours, and all favors gratefully acknowledged. In a fit of indignation we Ourselves, took it into our heads to advertise our name—and number. The fashion is universal now. It originated with us—at Baltimore, as did not a few other things, the credit whereof we intend to claim, when all the rest of the world are in their graves. Just think of a lawyer, advertising—A. B. No — so and so—such a street. Grateful for past favors and anxious to deserve a continuance of the patronage he has received, respectfully gives notice, &c. &c. &c.

P. S. People who desire to know what o'clock it is—to borrow an umbrella—or to know which way the wind blows, are invited to call as heretofore. N. B. No charge made to regular customers.

N.

TO BE CONTINUED. Awfully looks a "*to be continued*" at the termination of an interesting article. It is one of the most disagreeable sentences imaginable both to reader and writer; for it leaves the one in a painful state of "statu quo", and subjects the other to the mortification of losing half the credit he deserves because his first part may be partially forgotten ere his second appears, and so the interest in his composition be destroyed. It should be avoided in every possible case.

Our "*Peter the Hunchback*" is afflicted with a "to be continued, we could'nt help it however, for it would have been a gross imposition to have inflicted the whole of it on our readers at once as it occupies about nine columns. We can only pray that whoever attempted the first part will be kind enough to turn back and look over it again ere he begins the second.

H.

HORSES AND CHAISE. Half a dozen signs in the village of Roxbury, have on them, '*Horses and Chaise to let*.' Query—What's the singular of Chaise? Shay, hey? Tell us Mr Bowman.

H.

THE SENATE AND THE LIEUT GOVERNOR.

THE Legislature, after a great deal of queer work has at length adjourned. The House and the Senate have appeared like two horses harnessed to a carriage, both pulling different ways. The House has for the most part seemed to do as well as it felt able; but the Senate, not relishing the radicalism pervading that body, has thrust its fist in its face as often as possible—hardly content to legislate in the same building. A minority of its members has endeavored to stem the torrent of its opposition, but in most cases ineffectually.

The Bridge question is however decided—by the submission of the Senate to the Bill as passed by the House.—Our citizens and the good people of Charlestown must greatly rejoice at this. We cannot by any means allow that the people have received all they have a right to demand—but it will be undoubtedly best to accede to the proposed terms—it being exceedingly doubtful what another Legislature might think best to decide on this long agitated question.—Nothing, during the session has so much surprised us as has the closing scene—the debates upon the Message of the Lieut Governor. This gentleman had been constant in his attendance upon the discussion on the fourteenth section (on imprisonment for debt) and it was expected that he was endeavoring to make himself master of all the bearings of the disputed clause, for some definite purpose. That purpose is now declared. The Lieut Governor has despatched a message to the Court, couched in the most proper and decorous terms imaginable, arrogating nothing, but evidently intended to save expense and trouble, to the following effect—viz: that he had objections to some of the provisions of the fourteenth section, and wished the Legislature to separate it from the code of which it forms a part, so that he might state his objections to that single section, and not be compelled to veto the whole body of the revised statutes for the sake of this portion. What was the impropriety of his conduct? Where any action that should not rather command respect than condemnation? Where any thing beyond a just and praiseworthy exercise of his prerogative? Yet, how was his communication received? It seems that the Court in the former part of the session had determined to present the Code entire to the Lieut Governor for his approbation, and his message was considered an insult by sundry members both of the Senate and of the House—those, however, who were advocates for the section he wished to veto. In the higher branch, Mr Armstrong was absolutely vilified. The most disgraceful motives were attributed to him, and his conduct stigmatised as unworthy the man or the station—and no decisive legislation has been taken upon the Message.

The language used by the Senators referred to will recoil upon themselves. The Lieut Governor is placed in the stronger light by the shades with which malice would stain his course. We pity the motives which can have excited such treatment. We pity the men who have been guilty of it.

'What will Mr Armstrong do?' is a question often asked. *Do*—if he respects himself and the dignity of the office which he fills, he will not flinch a hair from the ground which he has assumed. He has done his duty, and public sentiment is with him—and public sentiment will support him. He has but one course left him—to veto the whole code—and if we know the man *he will do it!* Undoubtedly those who have opposed him feel assured that unwillingness to nullify the proceedings of the Court will compel him to retire from his position and yield the point. Undoubtedly they think that they have won the field—and that the Governor will give up his sense of duty, rather than to create new difficulties. The people of Massachusetts would despise him if he did—and take back the praise they heap upon him. He will stand his ground—he will support the honor of the state.

Since the above was in type, the Lieut Governor has approved the code, but has entered his protest against the conduct of the Legislature, and against the provisions of the fourteenth section. His message is written in a noble independent, manly style. He defends the power of the Executive, which he says has been improperly encroached upon. He states as his reason for approving the code, his desire to save a great expenditure of time and money, and expresses his deep impression of the responsibleness of his act. Perhaps under the circumstances he could not have done better. The shame is on the Legislators of Massachusetts.

H.

THE DRAMA.

On Monday last Mr. Wallack commenced an engagement at the Tremont. We had seen him before in Melodrama and knew how to appreciate his powers, and went to the theatre strongly inclined to like him even more than he deserved on account of his manly and independent speech to the Baltimorians. We had heard much of his Rolla, and expected to see most masterly acting—to our astonishment we were much disappointed. As to the play, Pizarro, which has been so lauded, which has been played from Dan to Beersheba, and applauded by high and low, old and young, is in reality a most monstrous extravaganza—as unworthy the name of a tragedy as would be Bluebeard or the Forty Thieves. Passion is caricatured, character shamefully abused, consistency thrust out of doors, and language vilified. It is unworthy the genius of Sheridan.

The character of Rolla is on the whole an easy one to perform, and we have often marvelled that so great stress has been laid upon it. It seems to us that a novice would succeed better in it than in almost any thing else. Yet the kind of power that it requires is the pathos of deep tragedy—there must be feeling displayed and strong passion. Mr. Wallack, to our mind, failed in this part. His emotion was too apparently *acted*. There was no *soul* in his performance. He cannot touch the heart's deepest sympathies. He must never attempt *Tragedy*.

We believe we have said little of Mrs Barrett, for the very reason that she needs nothing to be said of her. Her reputation is firmly established, and cannot be affected by praise. We wont say anything of her as Cora for it is too insiped a part to be mentioned. Gilbert made an excellent Pizarro, barring a lack of soldier-like dignity.

Then came "My Aunt"—and the masterly acting of Johnson was a rare treat. Wallack sustained all his reputation as Dick Dashall. Leman was very good.

On Tuesday we had the Rent Day, that beautiful drama; and it was most perfectly played. Here Wallack was in his element. The pathos of *common* tragedy, or Melodrama, he portrays in soul-stirring truth. It does one's heart good to see him—you cannot find fault—your own emotion will not let you. Mrs Barrett as his wife was fully equal to him—she acted like a true votaress of nature. We hardly feel justified in particularising farther—for we can do nothing but praise.

On Wednesday was performed a new piece, founded on the reign of terror, entitled "The Hazard of the Die"; and as in "Mary Stuart" played the week before, everything was in every respect so admirably done that the very life seemed going on before the audience—every actor in the piece was all we could wish him. It is an exquisitely wrought drama. A fine thing for parents to take their children to see, for the moral is forcible, the language and incidents perfectly pure, and nothing in any degree reprehensible.

A little tetotum of a Miss Fox has of late been endeavoring to jump as far as Miss Kerr who calls herself her instructress. The little thing strives to turn in her toes as much as her brilliant prototype, but has not quite succeeded in attaining that unique accomplishment which is introduced by Miss Kerr as an improvement on the old style.

☞Now *a dry hit or two*. The manager must not promise new scenery and give none. It is a barefaced deception upon the public. The bills of Monday said—"Pizarro, got up expressly for this occasion, with new scenery by Mr. Stockwell," and there was a cooked up medley of stuff scraped from all the melo-dramas since the theatre was built, but nothing new. There was something from Tom and Jerry, and a Spanish-American castle that was built in the Chinese fashion and first used in Aladdin. This wont do for the Tremont.

Does the male portion of the Tremont audience claim to be composed of *gentlemen*? If so, why are hats invariably worn in the saloon. That is no mark of gentility—besides there's a notice over the door—"Gentlemen are requested not to wear their hats in the saloon." Hats off hats off—*gentlemen*!

What's the matter with the gas pipes belonging to the Theatre? The lights burn as if they were ashamed of themselves.

There is one thing which Mr. Wallack ought to be ashamed of, that is the use of the phrase—*to be sure*. It is as vulgar an expression as could be uttered and as natural as it is vulgar. Some of the stock company occasionally indulge in it. Miss Fisher evinces a predilection for it. She must free herself from so bad a habit.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS AND NUTS TO CRACK.

IRISH FIDELITY. The Superintendent of the Boston and Worcester Rail Road prudently employs a man at the principal crossing at Roxbury, to give warning of the approach of the cars by waving a flag. This faithful guardian has often been known to perform this service in the night time, waving his ensign of alarm with great [illegible] anxiety, when the darkness was so great that neither he nor his flag could be seen at the distance of three feet.

VICTOIRE. Mad. Celeste says in her announcement of Victoire at Baltimore, 'Played with unprecedented [illegible] in Boston.' Too bare-faced an imposition! The piece was execrable in every respect; and not a being witnessed it in our city, that was not disgusted. However, gulling is the order of the day.

LONDON COURT JOURNAL. It is enough to make one sick at the stomach to read the '*Fashionable* [illegible]' of the London papers. There is regularly a column [illegible] of such announcements as these—'Yesterday the most noble Duke of Ormond, went from Brighton to Surrey in his [illegible] carriage. The most noble Marquis of Baldhead has gone on a shooting excursion. Her ladyship, the Duchess of Scarecrow has been confined to her room with a [illegible] cold. The most excellent Lord Ramble is on a visit to his Grace the Duke of Stay-at-home—&c. &c. &c. [illegible] nonsensical and childish as all this is, are we not *coming to it?* The most noble the Marquis of [illegible]ford, &c.

EXTRAVAGANCE. An extract in the New York Mirror, on the Comet says—'The comet will appear under *circumstances of visibility!* for a considerable time. Goodness gracious! that's like firing of a twenty-four pounder to kill a flea!

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. Isn't it sheer affectation in the Editor of the Mirror to adopt the *k* in such words as *public*, when common usage has so decidedly renounced this unnecessary appendage? How is it, friend Morris?

TEMPERANCE. A Temperance Society was formed during the summer at —— N. H. and the Minister thought it desirable to induce children to join it. So a table was spread in the meeting-house covered with sugar-plums and the children were told that if they'd join the Society they should have some of them. This is a fact given on good authority. We know the name of the Minister. A precious guardian of his flock he must be!

THE WEATHER. The weather is serving us all sorts of tricks. One day mild as June, and kissing us with its breezes when we go out—the next cross as January, and pinching our cheeks with frost—and the consequence is that colds, headaches, and a host of ills are prevalent. If we are dozy this week, we pray forgiveness—for some of our articles have been written while our brains were playing football against our skull.

OUR SENIOR. Prythee, reader, pity us—you would, could you see our Senior's *copy*. In one of his articles of this week, our compositor had honestly set up a line running thus, '*the first blaze of a tin-pot*'—when a little doubtful, he referred to us, and we found it to be '*the first blast of a trumpet!*' 'True Greatness,' was mistaken for 'Mr Graham.' What a bull! No wonder we have an errata! Pot hooks and trammels! ye are barbarously abused!

THE PHILADELPHIA PAPERS are certainly made of pulverised birch-bark mixed with lamp-black. It is an inhuman tax on a man's patience to be compelled to hunt out the words on these amalgamation sheets. A hint to these Editors of the Quaker city.

EXCUSES. It is [illegible] country Editors for the defects in their papers—such as [illegible] made only being printed, a host of errors, or miserable press work. One tells his patrons that he had to go to election, another that his wife is sick; a third that his apprentice has run off, and a fourth that he has gone a visiting. We mean some time or other when we feel in a savage mood 'to serve up' our exchanges all cooked and salted, and have some fun out of them. We're fast waxing to the point—only let the cold weather come on!

FIRE! FIRE! The fire in Roxbury on Monday night looked gloriously from the city; yet notwithstanding, no alarm was given until it had been burning for full ten minutes. The watchmen *are* hired to sleep in the open air.

O ye snoozers! ye unimaginative snoozers! Ye who when the stirring clang of the bells startles the dark silence of the night, lift your heads from your pillows, and grumble and mutter and turn to sleep again—ye know not the surpassing grandeur—the soul awakening glory of a fire by night! When shouts echo along the streets—and the rattle of the heavy engines startles the repose of nature—when the broad light glares and flickers through the air, and is painted in vivid tints on the sullen clouds—when the wreathing smoke in thick black volumes rolls upward—and the tongues of flame burst through the windows of the devoted building, and as if they were living spirits, and dart hither and there, in mad and riotous joy—when solemn mingles the pealing sound of many bells with the sudden cry—and houses and trees and hills, lit up by the unnatural glare, stand forth in splendor from the dark picture of night. It is glorious!—and yet thousands of our citizens never witnessed such a scene!

THE CAPTAIN. I was last week going upon a [illegible] and the Captain gave me the following maxim—'Always, said he, measure your willingness to turn out by the [illegible] of the man who would pass you. If it be weaker than your own, give him half the road—if stronger, more than half.

CHIT CHAT. The Woods are at the Park. Pearman is at Baltimore. Russell has three theatres in operation. A. Adams has been at Pittsburg. Mrs Drake is at Louisville. Mad. Celeste has had overflowing houses in Baltimore. The new Washington theatre is nearly completed. Pit and Boxes will be thrown into one. It is leased to Maywood for $2500. Washington can't support two theatres. Signorina Garcia, younger sister of Malibran, is in New York on her way to Havana. Kean had great success at Brighton, Eng. and was followed by Chs. Kemble. Only two performers of Garrick's time are now alive, viz. Jack Bannister and Mr. Byrne, harlequin. Mr. Mrs and Miss Charlotte Barnes are at Cincinnati.

H.

THE MENAGERIE. The Menagerie of the New-York Institute comprehending 23 carriages drawn by 60 beautiful grey horses, came into the city on Monday last. We hope that establishments of this nature will meet with constant and ample patronage—not only for the benefit of the enterprising proprietors, but likewise of the public [illegible] which can obtain instruction of the most profitable nature from exhibitions of this kind. This collection of animals is one of the largest and most various in the United States. It has been obtained and is supported at a vast expense, much greater, perhaps, than is generally realized. It is the duty of every parent to sieze the present opportunity to improve as well as gratify his children. When the arrangements are completed, and it is open to the public, we shall visit it and notice the animals and the interior regulations of this valuable exhibition.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE. Our senior [illegible] with us respecting the new Court House. He pronounces it a beautiful specimen of architecture. With all deference to his superior judgment we beg to *file a demurrer*. We allow and have ever allowed the beauty and [illegible] of the porticoes, but the building itself "shorn of their proportions," appears marvelously wanting in [illegible]ness in our eyes.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New England Farmers' Almanac. Good—sterling—not one of your catchpenny conglomerations of nonsense that are now foisted upon the public under the names of 'Comic Almanacs, &c. The editor is a man of sense and a man of knowledge and science, and his name is a guarantee for his work. There's good reading matter in the book—and some rhymes to the months. Here's a specimen—on December—

'When earth is steel, and water rock,
The types of desolation,
Let our best energies be bent
To mental cultivation.

Each farmer his own fireside make
A little school of knowledge,
Of greater use if less refined,
Than lore that's learned at college.

Sensible this. Our farmers had better practise on it. H.

Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers. New York, Harper & Brothers. Boston, Wm D. Ticknor:—One of those works of research which is both instructive and amusing. Necromancy and its attendants have in all ages engaged the attention of thousands. In this book, the origin of every kind of superstition is traced, and the lives of the most celebrated Necromancers given; together with explanations of historical references to witchcraft; &c.—We shall hereafter say more of the work; and make some extracts. Some things, we must quarrel with—for instance in the treatise on Bible necromancy:

'There can be but little doubt, though the devil and satan are not mentioned in the story, that the serpent who in so crafty a way beguiled Eve, was in reality no other than the malevolent enemy of mankind in that disguise.'

A great deal of doubt. We consider the whole passage allegorical and so we feel confident does a great portion of christians. H.

New England Magazine for November. Dull as —, *with a few exceptions*; and the critical notices the same compound of different styles and different degrees of love and enmity, self-interest and envy, which have ever characterised this department. The two or three first are good. Then comes a criticism upon a new Italian work by Mr Sernult, written by one personally interested in prejudicing the public mind against Mr S. Strange that a Magazine that makes any pretensions to distinction should be disgraced by so unjust notices.

Here is a dilemma. 'The Brothers—a tale of the Fronde'—why that work appeared months ago. Oh yes; but our Editor says, 'Owing to our neglect, the work has been unnoticed. But now we have read it once, twice, thrice, and could read it again and again!' That would make *five times*! What does all this gum game mean?

Then follows. 'Mr Herbert, one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine, is understood to be the author. He has brought to his task extraordinary descriptive power, a masterly command of language, a deep knowledge of the human heart, an intimacy with history (when shall we get through) and a sympathy with all that is grand or beautiful in nature or in action.' Any body who knows the Editor of the New England Magazine must know that this is written *for something*. What can it be?

Ho-ho! January will see the New England Magazine united to the American Monthly. The murder is out. All this verbose, extravagant and indiscriminate praise is for a *brother* editor—well!

The Magazine ends with some pitiful jokes on our streets; too childish for a sensible man to write, and too bad for any man to put in a Magazine. H.

The Disowned—*Series of Bulwer's Works*. New York, Harper & Brothers—Boston, Russell, Shattuck & Co. Had this book been got up in a more inferior style, our friend would not have clapped his '*huge paws*' on it, and decamped as he has. However, 'The Disowned' needs no new puffing. The power of Bulwer is acknowledged, and the mere appearance of his books is a surety of their success. But a word must be said of the style in which it is now got up by the enterprising Harpers. There are beautiful plates in it as in the Works of Maria Edgeworth, and it makes a beautiful show for a library.

A Help to Printers and Publishers—is received.

The Ladies' Book. This is really a cleverly got up work, filled with interesting original and selected tales, essays, and poems. The number for November is embellished with a handsome engraving of 'The shipwrecked Family,' together with a number of wood-cuts of heads entitled 'Portrait Gallery. H.

The Cincinnati Mirror. Its talented trio of Editors have relinquished connection with this periodical.—Shame—that the Emporium of the West could suffer three men of first rate genius to lose the reward of their labors. However, those who can thrust a gilded pill down the throat of the public, are the most sure to succeed now-a-days. H.

The Placide Benefit. Where did the thousand dollars go to, over and above what was given to Placide? Did Simpson take any of it? If so he ought to be ashamed of himself. H.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

Latest from Europe.—London papers to October 7, have been received.

The King and Queen of Belgium, after visiting their relatives in England, the King at Windsor, the Duke of Wellington, and the estate of Leopold at Claremont returned to Brussels.

Measures are in progress for establishing a telegraphic communication between London and Paris. By which tidings will be conveyed in an hour and a half.

Capt. Back has been specially promoted to the rank of Post Captain, in consideration of his extraordinary services.

London, Oct. 7.—The extinction of the monopoly of the East India Company, and the great increase in the exports of cotton and woollen manufacturers to India, China, the Pacific, and the United States, is rapidly attracting capital from private sources to supply the place of that establishment. A mercantile association upon a very extensive scale has been formed for this purpose in the city. One gentleman, a member of this firm, has, it is stated, proceeded to the United States to arrange a system of banking and mercantile operations and to form connecting links with the Pacific, Calcutta and Canton.

London Oct. 7.—Despatches dated the 28th ult. in the highest degree satisfactory to the friends of Spain and of the Government of Her Catholic Majesty, were received from Madrid on Monday afternoon, at the Hotel of the Spanish Embassy in Paris.

The Junta of Barcelona has announced its readiness to dissolve itself as soon as the Queen's Government shall have appointed some one in the absence of the Captain General to assume the command of the armed force of the principality. With regard to the troops under the command of Las Navas, no further apprehension was entertained respecting them. In addition to these interesting facts, it is announced in Mendizabal's despatches, that the Cortes have been convoked for the 16th of November, in the ordinary course.

The private letters received this morning from Lisbon give satisfactory accounts of the commercial and financial affairs of that country. The Government had recovered from the late pressure for money, and instead of desiring any further supplies from this country, they were beginning to transmit large sums to England.

Extract of a letter of the 22th ult. from Frankfort:—"According to accounts from Berlin there is much agitation in that capital, not only among the lower classes, but among the class of citizens seldom liable to question the acts of the Government. All coffee houses and places of public resort resounded with animated discussions, the principal topics of which are a desire for a Constitution. The Emperor of Russia wished to leave 10,000 of his Guards in Poland, but the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia opposed it, on the ground of existing treaties. The reviews of Kalisch have finished. For several days the two sovereigns were employed in inspecting the troops, and there were some evolutions and military sports and pastimes, but the grand review did not last many hours.

Paris, Oct. 2.—The Gazette de France has the following:—"Letters from Madrid, dated evening of the 26th ult. announced that M. Mendizabal has at length completed his Cabinet.

A new and very energetic manifesto was published by the Junta of Arragon on the 16th.

DOMESTIC.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday.

The Committee to whom was referred the remonstrance against the license of a Circus on Washington street, reported, that, in conformity with the wishes of the remonstrants, a time be appointed for the hearing of the parties concerned. Accepted, and Thursday, the 12th inst. 10 o clock A.M, was assigned for that purpose.

Resolve passed to widen Union street, near the Menagerie.

An order passed to number School street.

Petition of June, Titus, Angevine & Co, for a license to exhibit a Menagerie of Wild Beasts. Referred to the Committee on Licenses.

Petition of George Osgood and others, to be appointed firemen. Referred.

An order passed to pay members of the Volunteer Companies who have equipped themselves and done duty according to law.

Petition of Granville T. Winthrop and others, 'in favor of a Free Bridge and the abolishment of Imprisonment for Debt.'

Petition of Thomas B. Curtis and others—John Stevens and others—Abraham C. Mace and others, 'Democratic Working Men,' all for the use of Faneuil Hall on Sunday evening next; lots were drawn, and John Stevens and others obtained the first choice; T. B. Curtis selected Friday evening, Abraham C. Mace Saturday evening, the other declined a selection.

Murder. A man named Jonathan Brooks, killed another by the name of Powers, in Grafton, on the 30th ult. It seems an inveterate quarrel had existed between them for a long time.

Sea water, by some unexplained process, so alters the nature of cast iron that its cohesion appears to be quite destroyed. Cannon which have been fished up, after lying long in the sea, have been converted through their substance into something resembling plumbago and admitting of being cut with a knife.—*Mining Journal.*

The Trial of Wade, on a charge of arson in the first degree for burning a barn belonging to the Boston and Providence Coach Company, and the dwelling house and tavern of Mr. Bride, at Dedham, came on last week, and after a laborious trial of three days, the Jury on Saturday brought in a verdict of *Guilty*. The penalty is death.

A bold attempt was made on Saturday night to effect an entrance into the Merchants' Bank, in Baltimore, by a villian who gave his name as James Freeman.—*Post.*

A young emigrant has been arrested at New York charged with passing himself off on the uncle of a young man remaining in Europe, and claiming $200, intended for the real relative.

It is asserted that the population of Boston is not far from 80,000, souls. Increased in five years, about 10,000.

Theodore S. Fay, one of the editors of the N. Y. Mirror, arrived in New York on Monday. On the day that he left London, Oct. 1st, Mr Willis was married to Mary, daughter of Wm. Stace, Esq. of the Royal Arsenal. The lady has a large fortune—stated in round numbers, at £200,000.

The National Intelligencer states that despatches from France, received at New York on Saturday last after the departure of the mail, were forwarded to Washington by express.

News from Buenos Ayres to sept. 5th, has been received at New York. The steamboat Potomac had arrived there, and excited great curiosity, no steamboat having been seen there since the year 1825.

The Steamboat David Brown, for whose safety great anxiety has been felt, arrived at New York on Saturday. She was put into Beaufort, N. C. in a gale, and remained there three days.

The Steamer Wm. Gibbons arrived at New York on Sunday evening, at half past nine o'clock. She left Charleston on Saturday 24th ult., at 4 P. M., during a gale from N. E. which increased with such violence as to induce Capt. Wright to put back on Sunday.

Messrs. Davis and Miller, the agents despatched to England in the Pilot boat Aymar, in Pursuit of Bowen, the smuggler, returned on Monday in the Liverpool packet, having failed to accomplish the object of their voyage. On their arrival at Liverpool, we understand they applied to the magistracy for a warrant to arrest the fugitive, but could not obtain one.

Dr Lardner, in his evidence before the Great Western Railway Bill Committee, gives the following instance of carelessness in the railway managers: 'I was descending the slope of 1 in 96 on the train of goods; the engineer let the train run down for a considerable time without the break, and we obtained a velocity that appeared to me to be exceedingly dangerous. I ordered him to apply the break, but the break totally failed; it was burnt. A signal was made to us by the road police to stop, but the train did not stop for a considerable distance from the foot of the slope. When we descended we found that the wheel of one of the wagons had broken, so that both wheels dragged along the rail during the descent, forming a more powerful break than the common breaks, and notwithstanding this the train went down with the furious velocity of from 40 to 50 miles an hour!'

Vermont. The joint committee has balloted sixty-one times for Governor, without coming any nearer to a majority for either candidate. A motion to adjourn the joint committee sine die was negatived by a vote of 101 to 119.

It is reported that the Secretary of the Navy has within a few days past, made no concealment of his opinion that the present difficulties with France will eventuate in a serious collision between the United States and that country.

Singular Fact. Five thousand bushels of wheat have just been received in New York from Liverpool which was shipped from that port in 1831. A sample was exhibited, which appeared to be in perfect order.

By a census of Albany, just taken, it appears that that city has a population of 28,085 inhabitants.

Texas. Very considerable numbers of men are leaving various parts of our country for Texas, taking with them the arms and munitions necessary for war.—Some hundreds will leave the Atlantic coast within ten days, and a still larger number probably will go from the West. St. Anna will find Kentucky riflemen bad troops to contend with.

☞ Ten Thousand Dollars Reward. Dreadful Outrage. The house of a Mr. Smithes, on Ford Creek, was forcibly entered at night, thirteen persons, murdered, many valuable articles stolen, and then the house destroyed by fire, with the bodies of the victims. These were Mr. Smithes, his wife and five children, and six German emigrants.

A reward of $10,000 is offered for the discovery of the murderer.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nath'l B. Weeks to Angeline B. Hosea; J. B. Pollard to Mary A. Dexter; Amory Gammage, of Hopkinton, Mass. to Nancy S. Lyman, of Bath, Me; Thomas Brown to C. Summers; T. Smith to Mrs M. Hartley, both of Lowell; Ezekiel Lincoln, of the house of Lincoln & Ryerss, Philad. to Mary F. daughter of the late Ephraim Eliot Esq; William N. Hunnewell to Morgiana C. F. Thayer; Franklin Whitney to Rebecca A. Badger; John Jordan Jr to Lucy A. Hansford; Joseph G. Hicks to Catharine E. Burkes; Perley Knowles to Betsey J. Giles; William A. Howard to Joanna S. Carter; Isaac Thacher to Eliza Hichborn; Elisha D. Winslow to Hannah Hichborn; William Bacall to Amelia Pine.

At Charlestown, Charles F. Carr to Mehitable Raymond; Theodore A. Dane Esq. of Boston, to Mary E. Stevens.

At Cambridgeport, Metcalf B. Clark to Frances M. Ruggles; Jacob Nudd to Harriet Litchfield.

At Cambridge, Robert Neale to Silence Carter.

At Chelsea, Stephen Merrill, of Parsonsfield, Me. to Eliza Wyman.

At Dorchester, William A. Gilbert to Martha A. Severns.

At Jamaica Plain, Thomas Hazard Esq. of Baltimore, to Augusta Palmer Green.

At Newton Lower Falls, Joseph Greenwood to Lydia Pratt.

At Andover, Joseph A. Sweetser, merchant of New-York, to Catharine, daughter of Hon Samuel F. Dickinson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Marblehead, James Dutton Russell Esq to Sarah Ellen Hooper.

At Freetown, James K. Gardner, of Boston, merchant to Ruth H. Evans.

At Oakham, John F. Howard to Charlotte Adams.

At Seabrook, N. H. Francis Holmes, of Boston, to Nancy M. Brown.

At Townsend, Vt Francis D. Sawyer, of Boston, to Hannah C. Dunkles.

At West Haven, Ct Rev R. S. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass. to Ann Stebbins.

At Baltimore, J. Wiley Edmands, of Boston, to Rebecca Ann Cushing.

At Plumstead, Eng. N. P. Willis, associate editor of the New York Mirror, to Mary, daughter of Wm. Stace Esq of the Royal Arsenal.

DEATHS.

In this city, Sarah B. Hill, 29; Elizabeth Mellen, 24; Samuel Lincoln, 10; Hon Calvin Sanger, 67; Samuel Frost, of Framingham, 24; Miss Ann Dossett, 50; Elizabeth McMillan, 67; Miss Eunice C. Jameson, formerly of Saco, Me 20; Mrs Sally Fagan, 34.

At South Boston, Miss Ellen Davis, 19.

At Cambridgeport, Thankful Endicott, 58.

At Brookline, very suddenly, of cholera morbus, Sarah Cobb, 40.

At Newton, Thankful Kingsbury, 56.

At Danvers, Nathan Lakeman Esq. Cashier of the Danvers Bank, 31.

At Andover, John Fillebrown, writing master, formerly of Charlestown.

At Providence, Capt Samuel Westcott, 62.

At Cincinnati, Adonijah C. Howe, 23.

At Indian Creek, Ill. Seth C. Johnson, formerly of Boston, 40.

At New Orleans, William Whitton, formerly of this city.

Lost overboard from sch Wave, on her passage from Wells to Boston, Abner Boothby, of Wells, Me. seaman.

LITERARY PREMIUM.

THE subscriber respectfully offers to any past or present member of the Fire Department, (actors excepted) a SILVER CUP, value Fifty Dollars, for the best Poetical Address to the 'Firemen of the City of Boston;' to be delivered on or before the 15th day of December. A committee of five literary gentlemen will adjudge the Prize. The subscriber will consider the second best likewise his property; others will be returned, if desired. W. H. SMITH.
Tremont Theatre, Oct. 17, 1835. tD15

DIORAMA.

WRIGHT'S NEW PICTURES.

CAPT ROSS'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE! Open Saturday, October 3d, with two additional Views.

PHYSIORAMA. KENT, EAST INDIAMAN, ON FIRE, and beautiful representation of a VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND.

The high reputation gained by the exhibition of the 'Departure of the Israelites,' (lately destroyed by fire at New York) and Belshazzar's Feast,' will, it is hoped, be a guarantee that the Pictures now offered for public approval, will also be deemed worthy their continued patronage.

Pamphlets descriptive of the views, will be delivered gratuitously.

Open from 8 till 1, and 3 till dusk.

Admittance, 25 cents; Season Tickets, 50 cents; and as the Views will be varied, and Novelties put forth between the months of October and April next, the public attention is respectfully called to this notice.
oct 3 tf

BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.
sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

DAY & EVENING SCHOOLS

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, continue their *DAY SCHOOL*, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English Education

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid by Mr Baker to those who wish to fit for the Counting Room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

JOSEPH STARK,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has opened his store at No 43 Congress street, where he offers for sale CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, of the first quality, for cash—which he will make into garments on moderate terms.

N. B. Those gentlemen who may wish to furnish their own cloth, can do so—and all Garments will be made in a workmanlike manner and warranted to fit.

WANTED—Several first-rate Coat, Vest and Pantaloon Makers, to whom constant steady employment and the highest wages will be given.
oct 10 3t

THE ORIGINAL

GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Prof. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel, Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P. Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Men Phil'y Columbia College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sup't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gemmery; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxey; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M. & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

GREAT

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

THE Proprietor has the pleasure to announce to the public that he has procured, at great expense, a commodious and well finished room, opposite the south west corner of Faneuil Hall, (No 7 Market Square) where his exhibition can be witnessed by persons of either sex, and of all ages, with perfect safety and convenience.

His exhibition consists of *TWO LARGE ASIATIC SERPENTS*, from 12 to 14 feet in length, perfectly docile, and may be handled with perfect safety; and the *LEARNED MONKEY, DON PEDRO*, who performs most astonishing and incredible feats, such as fencing with the sword, playing on cymbals, triangle, violin, and tamborine, &c, which have amused and astonished thousands of persons in the different cities of the United States.

Hours of exhibition from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents; good music accompanies the exhibition. oct 31

MORSE'S PNEUMATORIUM

OR, SELF-MOVING ENGINE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he will exhibit the above Engine for a short time at *CONCERT HALL*, corner of Court and Hanover streets, commencing MONDAY, October 26th.

This Engine is moved by the contraction and expansion of condensed atmospheric air, and when once put in motion, *will continue to move, supplying itself with power, so long as the machinery remains in good order.*

The principle, for the discovery and application of which the subscriber has procured letters patent, is perfectly plain and very easily understood. There is no pretence of any mystery about it. The subscriber solicits the most thorough examination of the curious and scientific, and confidently believes that all will agree that he has made a most useful and practical invention, applicable, in many ways hitherto unknown, to many purposes of Science and the Mechanic Arts.

The Engine will be exhibited every week day, from 8 in the morning till 10 o'clock in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.
oct 24 ANDREW MORSE, Jr.

BOSTON AND LOWELL

RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars for the present and until further notice will

Leave Boston at 8½ A. M.		Leave Lowell 8 A. M.	
" " 11 A. M.		" " 2 P. M.	
" " 4½ P. M.		" " 4 P. M.	

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.
oct 3 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.
Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.
july 11

CHAPMAN'S

COUGH MIXTURE,

For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. Chapman, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest, and other obstructions to free and easy respiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.
T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made use of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, Ms. July 8th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles* and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment*, I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.
GEORGE HOBART, No 15, Doane street.

FISHER'S

CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.

This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 20th. 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corns*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.
E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27, India street, Boston.

Also, for sale by Druggists Generally.
oct 10 tf

MR. PADDON,

210, *WASHINGTON STREET.*
sept 12 tf

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camel's hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 ly

RICH ALBUMS,

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 33 Washington st. august 29

BLEACHED AND BROWN

AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

WATER PROOF PREMIUM

GOODS.

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE-NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 62 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks, —Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet —Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows —Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns, for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trader liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 2mis august 22

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents, of the work. MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

RICH SILKS & MERINOS.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles*.

3 cases extra super LAMA MERINOS—colors, bronze grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, drab, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange, black.

4 cases ENGLISH MERINOS, all colors *very low*.

5 " English and French CHINTZES, some new and beautiful styles;

3 bales White Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*;

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Hdkfs. a very desirable article for the season;

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths, of fashionable shades; Buckskins, ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and col'd Table Cloths; VELVETS; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Hdkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices*.
sep. 26 istf

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D. PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

FOUND

IN Harvard Place, about the 14th ult, a bundle of Gentlemen's wearing apparel which the owner may have by applying to AMOS BAKER, at the head of the Place.
oct 10 3t

APPROVED

SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

John Pierpont, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞ As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞ The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. eopis3m may 30

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:

Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united;—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. Hastings Weld, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞ Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 235 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

REAL MADRAS CRAVAST

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street.

NEW JEWELRY

ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 33, Washington street, Joy's Building.

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selection, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 istf

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOR CASH,

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

THOMAS G. WALES,

No 100 Washington Street.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Downing Gazette.]

KITCHEN POETRY.

I'm tired of work, said Polly Gray;
It's nothing but scrub, the live-long day—
I've walloped the pots and kettles round
Till my ears are sick of the very sound.
My hands are hard as a critter's horn,
Such things I never since I was born
On any decent lady did see,
Much more on one that was made like me.
There! there! that pot is sputtering over,
Because I forgot to take off the cover—
The fat is scorching, the bread is burning—
Run, Polly, the fritter needs a turning—
The broom is worn to the very hub—
The brush is only a tangled stub—
How many spraddling, hitching motions
I've made in wearing out them notions!
I've twisted my hips and shoulders out,
In lugging the beds and blankets about.
There are two long marks astride of my nose!
They husbands mean, but the deuce only knows
When one will come! and here I must stay
In this stived up kitchen to work all day.
There was Betsy Grant and Hulda Drew,
Two lazy drabs as ever I knew—
They wriggled and twisted their bodies about,
And laid all they earnt in finery out;
And each wore behind a frightful lump,
That looked, for the world, like a Camel's hump.
My stars! I wonder the men don't go
And bring home a 'Hottentot Venus' or so;
The girls would be in utter despair,
To match the form of the Hottentot fair.
Well, Hulda Drew and Betsy Grant,
Are married now, and board with my Aunt;
They drawl their words, and stick back their head
Too plaguy proud to earn their bread.
I wonder what the reason can be
That nobody comes to marry me.
Splash! goes the dish-cloth into the kettle,
I'll try for once Miss Polly's mettle—
Let the ashes burn as black as my shoe—
Stay here for a drudge, I'll be hang'd if I do—
I mean to flirt, and idle, and wriggle—
And lace, and pad, and stare, and giggle;
And then if nobody the question pops
By jinge, I shall be as mad as hops.
MOPSEY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. XVII.

THINGS IN SCOTLAND.

LOCH KATRINE, JULY 28, 1835.

In Edinburgh I fortified myself from all assaults of the rain by a complete armor, not of steel, but of McIntosh's India Rubber cloth,—and before I was well out of the city on the evening of the 26th, I had reason to rejoice over my precaution, for as soon as we were on the Frith of Forth, bound to Alloa in a steam boat the rain came pouring down, drenching all who were exposed to it in any way. It was bitterly cold too,—and I could not help pitying, though they did not seem to need it, the Highland troops in their highland dress (leaving their legs almost all bare,) who quitted the steam boat in the storm, just as we entered it. At 11 P. M. then not dark in the long twilight here, we were at Alloa, having gone up the Frith of Forth about twenty or thirty miles. As we had sent our luggage on to Glasgow, —and were now free men again, we crossed the Frith at Alloa, and started on foot for Sterling to go over Bannockburn, the famous battle ground,—and so crooked is the Frith between Alloa and Sterling, that the distance is but six miles by land and twenty by water! By six o'clock, A. M. we were over the Frith and in the famous vale of Sterlingshire, over every spot of which, probably, armies have trodden, and in which the fate of Scotland has often been decided. After about five miles walk, we reached Bannockburn, where Bruce over 500 years ago made such woful havoc with the English army and won, and established his crown upon his head. I saw nothing very remarkable about the field now—nothing of the pits he dug and covered with turf to swallow up the English cavalry—nothing to remind one that thirty or forty thousand men had here been killed. The grass grows, but not luxuriantly. All is as if it had never been thus frightfully disturbed. The hum of industry is heard hereabout. The Scottish lassie treads heavily over the ground, seldom thinking of 'the gory-bed' of her fathers. The village of Bannockburn, the traveller will hurry out of as soon as he can. St. Niorians near by is also a dirty place. The fancy, now all disappointed, in such a reality, seeks something more to keep its spirits up,—and it has something in the tower of Sterling Castle—the huge rock starting as from the vale and commanding a view for miles and miles.

Anon, we were upon the summit of the rock on which the castle stands, within the purlieus of the Palace of the Scottish Kings. The Highland troops were walking over the rocks to and fro,—and in the ditch of the castle, the officers were playing ball. For miles and miles, we had a prospect of the plains, and then of the Highlands yet quite distant from us—and such a prospect too, as it is seldom the good fortune of the traveller to have, so clear was it, and so calm. We took out the Lady of the Lake and began to read the descriptions of the scenery, and Scott was just as true to fact here as I have credited him with being before in the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The King's Park, where deer were formely kept and hunted, was pointed out,—and so was the mound of earth—the round table where the Court is said to have held their *fetes champetres*. The place for the tilts and tournaments is also shown,—and not far from it, is a craggy mount called the Ladies' Hill, where they observed and applauded the combatants. On the other side of the castle is another hill or mound, where the great criminals of state were executed, and much has been the noble blood shed there. All now is calm, and so very calm too, that it seems like solitude. The places for amusement are gone to ruin, and the grass is growing on the fatal mound where the headsman once struck his death-axe upon the necks of a Douglas, a Steward and a Graham. The Palace is made a barrack for Highland soldiers. The Parliament Hall is but a store house. War has ceased its sad havoc all around. Peace has come with all its blessings—and the beautiful vale has rejoiced and flourished in it, making this one of the most captivating spots of the kind—taken all in all, that the traveller will be likely to find upon the globe.

After some further views from the parapets of the castle, where one can never be weary, so thickly crowd upon his memory the things of other days and other men—of Wallace, of Bruce—of the Scottish Kings, the rebel army and the great defence—and contrasting the quiet flow of the river now, and the soothing beauty of the far-spread district of Montieth with what was after the by-gone scenes—I bade adieu to the castle of Sterling, and winding around its terrible cliff, was soon upon the road to the Highlands—with 'the Lady of the Lake' for a guide—slowly ascending on the shores of the River Teith, and ever and anon looking back upon the high towers that loomed proudly upward toward the Heavens. I fell into a troop of Highland wagoners, and had a long talk with them upon various matters,—and I found them highly intelligent too for men in their vocation. I remarked that one of them spoke English with great correctness, without the accent of the Lowland Scotch, and my surprise was increased the more when he told me he hardly knew an English word till he was 14 years of age. Then, he said, he studied it at school from books—and thus I accounted for the correctness with which he spoke, for the difference between him and the mass of the British, is, that he was taught by *letters*, and they are taught by *sounds*—he was taught to read, and they were taught to talk and gabble—and the same difference from the same cause is manifest between the mass of the Americans and the mass of English, for we study our English by *letters*, and they get theirs from others who talk the dialects I have spoken before—and the consequence is (pardon, me, gentlemen Englishmen) that we as a people, speak your own tongue much better than you do yourselves. The Highland schools, my Scotchman told me, were very good for so poor a people. A father there would sacrifice almost any thing to educate his children. The price of instruction, he said, was little more than a dollar per quarter, varying, however, by the branches taught—and a dollar is no small sum in Scotland—it being a much more important matter here than in England or America. I have to tell such Scotchmen as these that I am an American, for it opens their hearts at once, all of them having a great idea of the freedom and prosperity existing in the United States, though I can easily see that it is somewhat difficult to make them believe we are altogether out of the savage state, for even one of these expressed his surprise that an American gentleman and lady whom he carried to the Highlands some days before, was as much of a gentleman as like other folks!— However, we shall soon get their ideas of the Trollopes and the Hamiltons, out of their heads, for our countrymen are crowding here in numbers—and in a few years I believe, there will be as many Americans drawn to the Highlands by Walter Scott, as there are English— for in the hotel where I stopt at Edinburgh, there were twenty-two (in the same house,)—and we numbered thirty whom we knew to be in the town, all touring too. I thought before I came to Europe it would be a curiosity to meet an American, and the very meeting would be an introduction,—but now I should as soon think of speaking to one without an introduction in New York streets. It is impossible to go, I verily believe, upon any part of this globe, in any nook or corner, where an American is not, or has not been some two or three days before. My next tour shall be to the Arctic regions, so as to see something new.

My Scotchman so led me away in one of these rambling fits of mine, that I forgot myself till I was near Done Castle, three miles from Stirling, where 'old McGregor of Glengyle,' known also as Walter Scott's 'Ghlun Dhu,' planted his swivels as a rebel chief, in the rebellion of 1745. There still remains of the castle, one huge square building, the walls of which seem about forty feet high, and ten feet thick, together with a tower which rises above the rest to the height of at least eighty feet. At the village of Doune near by, we (our party now making three Americans, one having joined us at Edinburgh) took a post chaise for variety's sake, and in a short time were at the village of Callander eight miles from Doune and at the entrance of the Highlands too, having passed some seats of the McGregors, the Murrays and Buchanans,—all lairds in their day, I have no doubt. About here is a main part of the scenery of the Lady of the Lake,—and about here Scott was wont to pass many of his youthful days, amid a country that is romantic in the full sense of the word, riding or walking to Loch Katrine and the Trosacks ten or twelve miles off, with the lofty hills of Ben Ledi and Ben Venue about him, and the river of Doune, and the towers of Stirling beyond. The scenery itself is enough to inspire a man—and then the associations! for on Ben Ledi, which signifies *the hill of God*, 3000 feet above the ocean's level, the Druid once kindled his fires in honour of the sun—and even here, at the foot of the Grampians, the Roman standard had been planted, (then far from Rome, and what an idea does it give of the Roman power penetrating such fastnesses as these?) so that the heart must be indeed cold that could feel no inspiration from such a scene. Above him on the mountain, was another people speaking another language, the wild race of Gaels, and below and beyond the Lowland Scotch among whom he was born. Never man lived in fitter land for romance or for song.

After a brief look at Callander and the scenery there, remarking the highland dress of the children—the leg without a garment but that of the kilt that partly overhangs it,—and remarking the use of the Gaelic tongue too for the first time, we bade adieu to carriage and to post, and started for the heart of the Highlands. Never was there a pleasanter walk,—for the road is good, even amid the mountains, and we beguiled the way by chatting with a Highlander whenever we met one whom we could understand, or by reading the vivid descriptions of the Lady of the Lake, as we passed 'Coilantogle Ford,' where the terrible Roderick Dhu was overcome by the brave Fitz James. The lofty Ben Ledi was on our right, (and here it may not be useless to say that *Ben* merely means a hill or a mountain of the higher class, and the *family* is indeed numerous here)—and the Lakes of Vennachar and Achray on our left. The feeling of the traveller, as he leaves the Lowlands and reaches these hills of the Highlands is that he has quit a world of one people, and is now among others. Another language is spoken. The fertile vales are gone. No fields of cultivation cheer the eye. The dwellings are far apart, poor and mean. Nature has changed her robe of beauty for a rough and ragged garb,—but now and then, as a lake is seen, beauty will peer out, and the more beautiful it is by the very contrast of the scene. I do not wonder that here superstition made its last lodges—knowing that till within a few years this country was quite inaccessible, no roads having been made, —and it is not surprising at all that in such regions, the Kelpie and the second sight should be believed in by many even to this day. On we wandered. The gathering place of Clan Alpine was on our left—there, where the shrill whistle of Rhoderick Dhu brought forth bonnets and spears and bended bows, from the bracken bush, and copse and heath, and where the rush and the willow bristled into axe and brand, so that Fitz James exclaimed in that well known phrase—

'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.'

'The Bridge of Turk' was soon in sight, and the village of Duncraggan, which, as Scott writes, 'keeps the moss-grown rocks half seen, half hidden in the copse so green,'—and the lone vale of Cleufinlas, on Ossianic desart, as it has been called was on our right. The scene magnified as we went on. Wilder and wilder it was. The bare forehead of Ben Au, the huge Ben Venue hove in sight. The Trosack came next—the *bristled* mountains as it means,—and we approached our inn near there, at the very hour that Scott describes—when—

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Was bath'd in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twin'd the path in shadow hid
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell,
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.
* * * * * * * * * *
The rocky summit split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement;
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For from the shivered brow displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier rose fell in steamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west-wind's summer sight.

B.

PHRENOLOGICAL BOOKS.

SPURZHEIM'S Phrenology, in 2 vols. 8vo. Vol 1st, Physiological Part with plates. Vol 2d, Philosophical Part.

Spurzheim's Phrenology in connexion with Physiognomy. Illustration of Characters, with 35 plates; 1 vol, royal 8vo. To which is prefixed a Biography of the Author, by Nahum Capen.

Spurzheim's Work on Insanity; 1 vol 8vo.

Spurzheim's Work on Education; 1 vol 12mo.

Spurzheim's Philosophical Catechism of the Natural Laws of Man; 1 vol 18mo.

Spurzheim's Examination of the objections made in Britain against the Doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim;— 1 vol 12mo.

Spurzheim's Outlines of Phrenology; being also a manual of reference for the marked Bust. 1 vol 18mo.

Spurzheim's Anatomy of the Brain, with a general view of the nervous system, with an appendix, with 18 plates, 1 vol 8vo.

Combe's System of Phrenology; 1 vol 8vo, plates.

Combe's Elements of Phrenology; 1 vol 12mo.

Observations on Mental Derangement. Being an application of the Principles of Phrenology to the elucidation of the causes, symptoms, nature and treatment of Insanity. By Andrew Combe, M. D.

Combe's Lectures on Popular Education.

Dr Epps's Phrenological Essays.

Caldwell on Physical Education.

Simpson on Popular Education.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, at the Phrenological Bookstore, 133 Washington street.

oct 31 tf

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.

may 16

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c

sept. 19 GEORGE W EDMANDS.

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august8

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric. *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition.

H. HASTINGS WELD.

_ Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 29 Water Street. q sep 12

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.— Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s per yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,

may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

LAST MANUFACTORY.

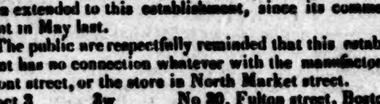
WIGHT'S LAST MANUFATORY, in Fulton street, is now in operation again.

The old friends and patrons of CHARLES WIGHT, are respectfully requested to '*drop in*' with their orders.

The enlargements and improvements introduced since the fire, it is hoped will enable this establishment to '*go a head*' on such a scale as to fulfil all orders with punctuality and despatch—at any rate, no efforts will be wanting to merit a continuance of that liberal patronage which has been extended to this establishment, since its commencement in May last.

The public are respectfully reminded that this establishment has no connection whatever with the manufactory on Front street, or the store in North Market street.

oct 3 3w No 30, Fulton street, Boston.



READY MADE.

CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury.) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial— Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati præponendæ sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S POEMS—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE

SPANISH LANGUAGE,

AND OF

DRAWING.

feb7 JOY'S BUILDING, ROOM, No. 24.

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Gallet Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora &c.

june 20

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Pouh de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawns; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash.

august 22

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, Washington-street.

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,

aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill.

J. BURRILL,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

73

CORNHILL.

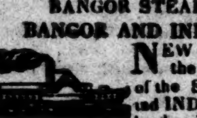
july 11 6w

NEW ARRANGMENT.

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND

BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.



NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the season of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.— Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 12

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Cape with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions: Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE

GALAXY OFFICE,

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.— Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 1y may 2

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

STRAW CARPETINGS,

AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street.

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of

SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels; such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election july 18

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand.

JOSEPH L. ROSS,
august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.— These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was ell as the rich

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearce & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. J. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abcesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent supguration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.— Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown. Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth. Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 29

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.— The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.— Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shakers do. French do, india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.— For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c. 3 volumes.

The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, Esq. in 2 volumes.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facetiae of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street. sept 25

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)

CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;

Cases 30 in. do do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black Americas do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.

Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11